McKean County Miner.

State Library July 06

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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CRIMINAL COURT PROCEEDINGS.

Small List of Cases Are Being Tried This Week.

SEVERAL ARE FOUND GUILTY.

Others Plead Guilty—Dr. Spangler Fined for Contempt of Court—Other Matters of Interest.

Court convened on Monday at 2 p. m. Judge Bouton presiding. W. H. Dennis of Bradford was appointed foreman of the grand jury. The grand jury was instructed as to its duties and commenced their labors. Tuesday afternoon they finished the consideration of bills and visited the county home.

A presentment by the jury to the court recommended that the floors at the poor house, in the men's apartments be replaced by new material. The grand jury also recommended that the county commissioners provide a suitable office for the district attorney in the court house—if in that building can be found sufficient space for such office. It is not large enough an addition to the structure is recommended.

Judge Ormerod of Potter county and Judge Cameron of Tioga county were in court Tuesday and handed down decisions in civil cases in which they had heard arguments.

Patrick Delaney of Bradford pleaded guilty to forgery. Minnie Delaney and Patrick Delaney on the charge of larceny, were found guilty by a jury.

Major D. Goodrich of Bradford pleaded guilty to the charge of larceny preferred by his mother, on Monday. He was given a severe lecture, Tuesday, by Judge Bouton, when the prisoner was brought before the court. Goodrich was permitted to go on suspended sentence, bail for his appearance at the June term being given by his mother in the sum of $500.

Frank White of this place pleaded guilty to forging an order for $5. He claims that amount was due him and when John Hector refused to pay he forged the order.

Hugh Johnson, charged with stealing an overcoat from a dummy in front of Ellis Goodman's store in Bradford, was found not guilty.

D. McIntyre, who was charged with a similar theft, failed to appear and his bail was forfeited in the sum of $200, which his mother will have to pay.

Edward Weyand was found guilty of aggravated assault and battery on Louis Beckinger in Bradford. The court sentenced Weyand to pay a fine of $50, the costs of prosecution and 11 month's imprisonment in the county jail.

The case of John W. Mellander, who lives near Mt. Jewett and who is charged with cruelly beating his wife, occupied most of the time yesterday. He was found guilty of aggravated assault and battery this forenoon and sentenced to pay costs of prosecution, a fine of $100 and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for one year.

Dr. C. F. Spangler of Kane, it appears, was duly subpoenaed to appear as a witness in a case, but for reasons of his own, did not comply with the law in the matter. An attachment being issued for the absent witness he was brought before Judge Bouton who declared him guilty of contempt of court and fined him in the sum of $10 with costs, the latter amounting to $8.

The grand jury found a true bill against Samuel Manno, charged with criminal assault on a young girl at Kane named Hattie Mack. The case is now on trial.

The grand jury also found a true bill against Melvina Baker of Bradford, charged with adultery.

The grand jury ignored the following bills: Stephen Verono, assault; Elmer Bliss, charged with attempting to kill his wife; Ella Blackwell and Henry Coram, violating the liquor laws.

Suggestions to Mormons.

John D. Wells, the "Grave to Gay" man, in the Buffalo News of last night makes the following suggestion: An up-to-date Mormon has introduced the typical college yell into the Mormon campaign for recruits. If they MUST be, let them be like this:

Rotten! Rotten! Rotten! Totten!
Willum, wallum, WUM!!!
Three of triplets, ten of twins—
GUESS THAT'S GOIN' SOME!!!

OR—

Rickety axe, co axe, co axe,
Rickety axe, cahoot!
Father's fifty-seven votes
All go to Elder Smoot!
ROOT!

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 24, 1906:

Adjt. Burrows, Edward Blaine 2, Alex Cunningham, Mrs. F. D. Drones, B. P. Ford, Hilda Holtgren, Burt Nearing, Herbert Page, Bill Sullivan.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

A Decided Success.

That is what the bazaar held by St. Elizabeth's congregation at the Lyceum last week proved to be—a greater success than had been hoped for. Each evening the attendance was large and all were well pleased with the entertainment afforded. As a result of this bazaar the church has raised $2,925, which will be placed in the building fund. The new edifice is assured and plans have been accepted so that before many months have passed a building will be erected on the site of the burned structure that will be an ornament, not only to the people of St. Elizabeth's but to the town in general. The writer has seen the plans of the proposed new church and can truthfully say that in architectural beauty it will equal if not surpass any of the many handsome buildings in this borough.

On Thursday evening a card party was held, which, although not as largely attended as was expected, proved to be a pleasing event. Not a detail was lacking and from the time card-playing was commenced until refreshments had been served the people enjoyed themselves. The prizes were won as follows: Ladies' high, Miss Belva Gerrit; consolation, Mrs. T. H. Purtle; gentleman's high, Rick Donovan of Kane; consolation, Wm. Glavin.

The Lyceum was packed from pit to dome on Friday evening when an enjoyable program was given. Space does not allow for an extended write-up of each number, but suffice to say there was not a disappointed person in the large audience and as each number on program was rendered hushed applause was given. After the entertainment was concluded the floor was cleared and dancing was enjoyed by a large number of persons. A clam chowder supper was also served on the stage and was well patronized.

The bazaar opened at 5:30 o'clock Saturday evening with a chicken supper and like everything else during the four nights was enjoyed by many; in fact, the commissary department was at a very low ebb before all were served. Early in the evening the hall was crowded and remained so until midnight. Many enjoyed dancing and the music as furnished by Chadwick's orchestra received many compliments.

Ever since the first of January two ladies, Mrs. D. M. Sheehan and Miss Eva M. Zwergel, had been soliciting money as donations toward building the new church. The winner was to be presented with a ring donated by Mrs. Carrie Clark. The interest in this ring contest was unprecedented as the anxiety for the announcement on Saturday evening showed. Everybody was there with one view—that of learning the result, and as it was not known until almost the last moment the large crowd patiently waited. Just as the dancers were in the midst of the last dance Rev. J. F. Dugan appeared on the stage and in a few well chosen words thanked the people for the hearty manner in which they all had so generously donated not only to the bazaar but to the ladies in the ring contest. He then announced the amount turned in by each lady and as the same was read off the cheering was vociferous, showing the interest taken. Miss Zwergel had $528.80 and Mrs. Sheehan $1,293.69. At the conclusion of the announcement the bazaar came to a close and the large crowd wended homeward—some disappointed while others were pleased.

The priest and people of St. Elizabeth's church can well feel satisfied at the successful result of the bazaar. All have put forth their best efforts to make the affair a success and now that it is all over and a large sum has been raised they must feel elated. Much credit must be given to Miss Zwergel and Mrs. Sheehan. They have devoted their time almost entirely to soliciting money and have no doubt encountered unpleasant obstacles many times, but each did their best and are deserving of much praise. The ring presented to Mrs. Sheehan was a most beautiful one. The centre is set with a large sapphire encircled by fourteen small diamonds. A pretty solitaire ring was presented to Miss Zwergel.

To the People of Smethport.

In behalf of St. Elizabeth's congregation I take this means of expressing our heartfelt thanks to the people of Smethport and vicinity who so kindly contributed to make our bazaar such a grand success. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and as we are in need we truly appreciate those who came to our assistance.

Personally, I feel that I have been given the glad hand and only regret that my hand is not thrice as warm to extend in return.

May God bless you all.

J. F. DUGAN.

The Question of the Day.

In view of the heated discussions of the matter indulged in all over the country to-day, it is safe to remark that

March came in like a { lion. / lamb.

WANTED—An elderly lady to keep house for old gentleman, work very easy, a good home for the right person. Address Look Box 68, Smethport, Pa.

Hose Company's Banquet.

Monday evening occurred the first annual banquet given by Smethport Hose Co. at the hose house. The affair, which was one of the most enjoyable of its kind ever given in Smethport, was participated in by the members, their mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts and a few invited guests, some of them from out of town.

Upon arrival at the building the guests were conducted to the parlor on the second floor, which has recently been nicely furnished. It is a large, comfortable room, and here cards and various other games were provided for the visitors. The ball room downstairs with its gay decorations of bunting was thronged about 9:15, when the opening grand march occurred, and from that time until 2 a. m. the dancers enlivened the room. Chadwick's orchestra furnished music.

About 11 o'clock the dining room was thrown open and here, as elsewhere in the building, the decorations were tasteful and complete. By a system of numbers the one hundred and fifty guests were served at the banquet without the slightest confusion, the tables being filled three times. The refreshments included a delicious variety, admirably served by several young members of the company—in fact, the waiters by their deftness and care that no one should be neglected made a decided hit with the guests.

Many of the hose boys attended in uniform and mingled with the pretty costumes of the ladies made the ball room a scene of splendor. It was certainly a pleasant event and the members of the committee who had the affair in charge are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts.

Washington's Birthday Observed.

The McKean Chapter D. A. R. met by special invitation on Washington's birthday at the home of their regent, Mrs. Thomas A. Morrison. Each lady was asked to bring a guest and also a birthday gift of corn inclosed in small silken bags. The gifts were for the vestibule fund of Continental Hall for which the Daughters of Penn have pledged $6,000, the amount needed to complete the vestibule.

After an elegant lunch served at 1 o'clock, Mrs. Morrison in a few well chosen words called the attention of her guests to the ancestry of Washington. In proposing a toast to him, she concluded, "Let us emulate the example of the Father of His Country, living up to the high standard of the grand old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, remembering that to us and to those that come after us is the prophesy:

'All the beautiful signs remain,
From the springtime sowing to the autumn rain,
The good man's vision returns again!
And let us hope, as well we can
That the Silent Angel who garners man
May find some grain as of old he found
In the human corn field ripe and sound,
And the Lord of the Harvest deign to own
The precious seed by the fathers sown.'"

Mrs. H. I. McCoy responded to "Our Guests" and in concluding her remarks offered for them again the toast "The Father of His Country."

Mrs. F. A. McCoy's brief remarks on "Patches and Paint," touched brightly on the ladies of Revolutionary times. Mrs. Eastman responded aptly to "Pennsylvania." The ladies then sat down to a rubber of whist which lasted until the out-of-town guests, Mrs. W. P. Burdick and Miss McGee of Mt. Jewett, were obliged to take the train for their homes. Mrs. W. B. Clarke, a guest, won the favor, a gavel made from wood from the old Fort Augustia. A vote of thanks was tendered the regent for her charming entertainment of the Chapter and their guests, followed by a similar courtesy extended to the Chapter and their regent by their guests. Such pleasant occasions are red-letter days in the social life of those who are privileged to participate in them.

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Triple Anniversary.

The thirtieth anniversary of the triple wedding which occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Beckwith on Feb. 23, 1876, when their daughters were given in marriage: Frances to Louis Steinhauer, Henrietta to Joseph C. Stull and Julietta to Henry W. Roeder, was appropriately celebrated at the home of Mrs. Howard Spiker, a sister of the brides.

Time has dealt leniently with the participants. All were present and in good health, are living within one mile of each other, prosperous and content with their choice. Each couple are blessed with a family of six children, but J. C. Stull feels he is in the lead as he can boast of a grandchild, a bright little fellow of three years.

May they all live to celebrate many more such occasions is the wish of their many friends.

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For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 43 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs Laura Taylor.

Get a new fur robe at Lemmler's. He carries a large line that will please you.

SCENE IN "MY WIFE'S FAMILY,"
At Smethport Lyceum, Monday evening, March 5th.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Kuhl-Hoover.—At the house of the bride's parents in Smethport, Oct. 22, 1881, by G. M. Smith, J. P., Michael C. Kuhl of Eldred, to Mary J. Hoover of Smethport.

Oct. 22nd, at Coleville, Pa., Ada E., wife of J. R. Carl, and daughter of J. H. Boylan, aged 23 years, 9 months and 17 days.

Truly it must be said she was the light of the household and many friends are left behind to testify to her virtues and her loving character. We feel drawn closer to the young husband, to the parents, the brother by cords of love and would drop the tear of sympathy with the mourning ones in their sad bereavement.

We received too late for publication last week the marriage, Oct. 27, 1881, of Mr. Baker Stull of Coryville to Miss Becca Beckwith of Farmers Valley. Rev. W. C. Wiltse officiated.

A fire company was organized on Tuesday evening. It bears the name of Bucktail Hose Co. No. 1. It starts out out with eighteen active and several honorary members. B. F. Wright is president, J. R. Shoemaker, secretary, and M. A. Sprague, treasurer, of the executive committee.

Eddie, a nine-year-old son of Thos. Ray, a tank roofer residing at Hamlin, while playing with some companions about some cars on the siding, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 29, 1881, was caught between the bumpers and instantly killed.

Westbrook-Johnson.—Nov. 3, 1881, at the Baptist parsonage, by Rev. W. C. Wiltse, Eddie L. Westbrook and Helen H. Johnson, all of Middlesburg, Pa.

James A. Bond died at his home on Marvin creek Friday afternoon, November 4, 1881. The cause of his demise was consumption, from which disease he had been suffering for some time. He was 59 years of age and had lived in this county nearly, if not all, his life. He was a quiet, upright and honorable citizen. The funeral services were held at his late residence, after which the body was taken to Rose Hill cemetery for burial.

The family of Dennis Gorman, living near the McKean & Buffalo depot, have recently lost three children who died of diphtheria. It is a sad blow to the family, and the whole community sympathize with them in their great affliction.

The Bradford Telegram has been enlarged to a seven column paper and its name changed to the Bradford Times. The paper is decidedly improved in appearance, and the fact of its enlargement indicates that it is prosperous. We wish the managers all the success their enterprise merits. (Nov. 1881)

Robinson-Weimer.—In Pleasant Valley township, Potter county, on Thursday, November 24, 1881, by Rev. O. J. Rose, Mr. Frank M. Robinson of Port Allegany, and Miss Mary Weimer of Pleasant Valley.

Strang-Saunders.—At the Wright House, Smethport, by Rev. O. J. Rose, Mr. Ed A. Strang of Port Allegany, to Miss Carrie J. Saunders of Roulette, Potter Co., Pa.

The death of Leslie S. Bard, which occurred at this place Friday, November 4, 1881, was a sad surprise to the entire community. The amputation of his leg which took place a few days before his death was well known to be a serious though necessary operation, but strong hopes of his recovery were cherished. But the hopes which flattered but could not save were soon cut down and he yielded to that common conqueror whom neither patience nor courage can foil. Leslie Bard had many qualities of heart and mind that endeared him to his friends. He was generous without ostentation, and true without offensive zeal. He did not treasure up implacable resentments. Though of a sensitive nature and like all such dispositions, quick to feel the sting of offense, he never placed himself beyond the reach of reconciliation, but had learned how to forget and generously forgive. He was well known to the citizens of this place and county and will not soon be forgotten. He will be remembered as a school boy attending school in the old academy, frolicsome with his companions, kind hearted and hopeful of the future. He will be remembered at the opening scenes of the late war, full of ardent patriotism, rushing to the field at the call of his country, to uphold her flag and vindicate her honor. He will be remembered as a soldier in the camp ready in the discharge of every duty and flinching not amid the fire of rebel cannon and the rush of charging squadrons. He will be remembered as a crippled veteran whose wounds were cheerfully received for the land he loved so well. He is at rest now; and though neither the voice of friendship nor the stirring war drum can rouse him from his fixed repose, death cannot put his seal upon the brave deeds he has done.

The funeral services were held at the Episcopal church on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. McCandless officiating. F. N. Taylor and Squire Smith kindly took charge of the main affair in the way of arranging the procession, etc., both being life-long and intimate friends of the deceased; and to Mr. Taylor, who night and day stood by the bedside of the departed during his illness, too much credit cannot be given for his great kindness. Few men are endowed with Frank's largeness of heart and his many friends find in him a noble helper in times of need. The church was filled and many were compelled to remain outside, showing in what high esteem the deceased was held. After the services the vast concourse wended its way to the cemetery where the body was forever removed from earthly view. Thus at the early age of 38 has another been called from this world by One who "doeth all things well."

Treasurers' Fees to be Rebated.

It has been found that the County Treasurer is not entitled to any fees for that part of the license money that goes to the cities, boroughs and townships, and therefore county treasurers who have taken said fees since that law was passed in 1891 must return the same. These fees will amount to something about $10,000, and are due from George C. Fagnan, T. B. Clark, John W. Campbell, A. W. Boyd and S. D. Weaver. L. Rogers also held office one year since this law came into effect but it is doubtful if the law covers his case.

In a communication to the Era, Mr. Rogers in part says:

"In the first place I desire to say in reiteration of what Mr. Campbell has already said in your paper, that if the city of Bradford or any borough or township in McKean county has a valid claim against me that claim will be liquidated and without delay. My term of office embraced the years 1890, 1891 and 1892. At the session of the legislature of 1891, the Brooks high license law was materially changed and in other directions as to licenses, to be paid by hotels and wholesale dealers. This law repealed all former laws and did not contain authority for treasurers to deduct fees for collecting and disbursing monies as the original Brooks law did. Consequently treasurers were not authorized to receive any fee for that service and it is hardly possible the legislature would require the treasurers to do this work without some recompense.

"In my own case I call attention to Section 18 of Article 3 of the constitution of this State. It reads as follows:

"'No law shall extend the term of any public officer or increase or diminish his salary or emoluments after his election or appointment.'

"The legislation referred to was passed during my term."

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Holmes & Gilfillan carry a complete stock of Edison phonographs and gold moulded records.

Subscribe for the MINER.

BODY PIERCED BY IRON PIPE

Thomas J. White, a Reynoldsville Man, Lived Four Days After an Iron Pipe Penetrated His Body from Shoulder to Hip.

Thomas J. White of Reynoldsville, died in the Adrian hospital in this place last Monday morning from the effects of a peculiar accident which befell him while at work in the coal shaft at Glen Campbell on Wednesday of last week. The unfortunate man and another miner were standing in the bottom of the shaft, which is 233 feet deep, waiting to be carried to the top by the cage, when a piece of inch and one-quarter iron pipe sixty feet long, became disconnected near the opening and fell striking Mr. White on the left shoulder. Mr. White's companion, sickened by the terrible sight, called for help and a number of workmen pulled the pipe up through the body. No hopes were entertained of saving the poor man's life at the time, but with tender care the workmen removed him to the National Hotel and summoned medical assistance. The man displayed wonderful nerve and vitality and on Thursday there were hopes of his recovery. He was brought to the Adrian hospital where he he was given every attention and appeared to be getting along nicely until Sunday when a change for the worse took place and he died early Monday morning. The remains were sent to Reynoldsville where the funeral took place.

The deceased was born in England and came to America in 1880. He was 48 years of age and is survived by a wife and six children. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias and Knights of the Golden Eagles lodges and took an active interest in politics. He was also a member of the United Mine Workers and had attended a number of their national conventions as a delegate.—Punxsutawney Republican.

"My Wife's Family."

Theatregoers, who may feel that all which has been said about "My Wife's Family," which appears at the Lyceum, Monday, March 5th, as a musical comedy full of humor, catchy songs, witty dialogue, tuneful music and a show that goes with a dash and vim, as being a trifle overdone, can take much assurance in the fact that such is not the case, for the following remarks made by one of the best known critics in America, bears out the statement that it is all claimed for it:

"When the curtain rose on 'My Wife's Family,' which was presented by Stephens & Linton's company, last night at the Lyceum, it was before a house which was issuing standing room tickets. The manner in which the crowd went after 'My Wife's Family' right at the start, would argue that Mr. Stephens and Mr. Linton, the authors, have been exceedingly clever in manipulating their material. The skit was accepted at par value at the beginning of the funny sayings and before the evening was half over the farce had rolled up a premium that might lead one to think that seats hereafter will be well nigh prohibitive.

"There is certainly life and action in the handling of the material, which tends to persuade one that the stuff, per se, is alive and fresh. There is a rough-and-up-to-the-minute spirit about the performance, an activity and apparent enthusiasm that is infectious. The crowd is carried along per force.

"Arthur Don is a good comedian and he is certainly amusing as Doc Knott, the ubiquitous fellow who always has something to sell to meet every emergency. His method is a quiet one, but he is always in the picture. Frank Beamish makes a good foil and is a clean cut light comedian. Both gentlemen have long been popular figures in vaudeville. Throughout the farce songs, dances, sidewalk conversations and what not are introduced and the performance was voted a huge success. The women are handsomely gowned and the stage and other effects were appropriate."

Lecture on Unusual Theme.

"What's in a Name?" What is the origin and history of our family names? It is not often that a lecture deals with an almost new and unthought about subject and yet one that everyone is eager to know about when attention is called to it. What is the meaning of your family name? How did your family come to bear this particular name? How long have settled family names been used? How many distinct classes of family names are there? These are some of the points that are to be treated in a lecture to be given in the Methodist Episcopal church on Thursday evening, March 8th, by the Rev. W. A. Harris. Mr. Harris has made a study of this whole subject and has written several series of articles on names, the last series appearing in the New York Evening Post.

Call and examine my stock of horse blankets, robes, etc. The prices are low and stock the best. C. LEMMLER.

Don't buy a gas range until you have seen the Jewel line at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Washington's Way

By WILLIS EMERY

Copyright, 1905, by Charles N. Lurie.

A LITTLE old building of one story in the corner of a junk yard contained the offices of John Wadsworth. The exterior was as plain as possible and showed the touch of age. Within there were solid and costly furnishings and a general aspect of confident and long sustained prosperity.

By a desk in a railed and screened inclosure Miss Hilda Lawrence was opening the morning mail. She always opened all of Mr. Wadsworth's letters. Private communications addressed to him as political boss of the ward never came to the junkey yard.

In one of the envelopes which Hilda opened on this particular morning she found a check drawn to the order of the bearer for $200 and signed with an illegible scrawl. It was the first time that she had seen a remittance in that form, and she glanced at the accompanying letter curiously. It was upon a plain sheet of paper, and there was no name at the beginning or the end of it:

Inclosed find balance due. You have delivered the goods and are entitled to your money. I am sick, out of town, or would have cixed this in person yesterday.

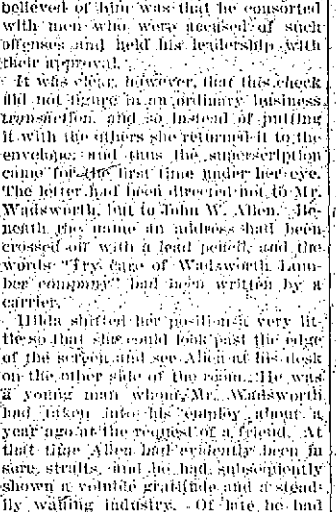
Hilda knew instantly that this was payment for a political service of a dishonorable nature and she was filled with vicarious shame at the thought of it and with a sudden faintness of surprise. *It was incredible* even in the face of this evidence, that Mr. Wadsworth could traffic in his own influence and augment his wealth with petty bribes. The worst that she had ever believed of him was that he consorted with men who were accused of such offenses and held his leadership with their approval.

It was clear, however, that this check did not figure in an ordinary business transaction, and so instead of putting it with the others she returned it to the envelope and runs the superscription came for the first time under her eye. The letter had been directed not to Mr. Wadsworth, but to John W. Allen. He read the name an address that been crossed out with a lead pencil, and the words "Try page of Wadsworth Lumber company" had been written by a carrier.

Hilda shifted her position a very little so that she could look past the edge of the screen and see Allen at his desk on the other side of the room. He was a young man whom Mr. Wadsworth had taken into his employ about a year ago at the request of a friend. At that time Allen had evidently been in sore straits, and he had subsequently shown a humble gratitude and a steadily waiting industry. Of late he had been occupied with an odd service for which he had exhibited remarkable aptitude. He had been writing speeches for Mr. Wadsworth.

For the first time in a long career of politics John Wadsworth had found a use for oratory. A strange ambition had taken possession of him. He aspired to office. The congressman elect in that district had died. A special election was to be held, and Wadsworth had quietly passed round the word that he would be the candidate of his party in the caucus.

Up to recent days a hint from Wadsworth would have been equivalent to a nomination, and his election would have been assured. But a change had come over the complexion of the district. In a part of it where there had been small business buildings and



HILDA SHIFTED HER POSITION A VERY LITTLE.

considerable retail land a surprising number of large apartment hotels had sprung up. A "silk stocking" element had thus been brought in and its influence was becoming more and more momentous.

Wadsworth, though a very rich man and of excellent ancestry, was not a silk stocking, and his sympathies and political strength lay with the horny handed toilers and small merchants. He had been influential in establishing throughout the district a great many little clubs and societies which were not controlled by professional politicians.

It had been plausibly represented to Wadsworth that the silk stockings were trying to get a grip on the clubs and that something would have to be done about it. Thus there arose in Wadsworth's mind the notion of a speechmaking tour, to be very quietly conducted, before the caucus, and thus John Allen's remarkable talent for writing short addresses became known to his employer. Wadsworth himself had never made a set speech in his life.

He had no difficulty in learning and delivering the speeches, for his confidence in his memory was absolute. He had, indeed, a wonderful gift, such as one sees in a very bright child at the so called "memory age." A page of the dictionary to be reeled forward or backward would not have appalled Wadsworth, though he was past forty-five.

When Hilda glanced across the room at Allen she judged that he was reading the manuscript of a speech which he had prepared on the previous day, doubtless the one which Wadsworth was to deliver at the Washington's birthday banquet the following evening. This banquet was to be given under the auspices of a coterie of silk stockings who were known to be bitterly opposed to the candidacy of Wadsworth, and there had been surprise among the wise when he received his invitation. The general opinion was that an attempt would be made during the evening to stab the speech of the opposition within the party, and perhaps start a boom for another candidate right before Wadsworth's eyes. Hilda had heard the forebodings, and she was sorely grieved by the thought that a man who was at heart so honest should face his enemies with no better ammunition than a speech written by a hired man and delivered mechanically, in the manner of a phonograph. That this performance should take place in the name of the honored Father of His Country made it even more distressing.

"Mr. Allen!"

The young man arose slowly and crossed to Hilda.

"This was with Mr. Wadsworth's mail," she said. "I opened it by mistake."

She gave him the letter, from which the check protruded. His face flushed suddenly. He looked at her steadily.

"You read this note," said he. And Hilda inclined her head.

Allen himself had not yet read it, and he supposed that it was much more recently.

"What do you intend to do?" he asked.

"I shall tell Mr. Wadsworth."

Allen showed no alarm.

"I will not remind you," said he after a pause, "that your information comes from my private correspondence. I am perfectly willing that you should lay this matter before Mr. Wadsworth, but upon one condition."

"State it."

"I can prove that this affair is entirely my own, but I cannot do it today. Tomorrow is a holiday; we shan't be here. My condition is that you wait until the following morning so that my explanation and my defense may be laid before Mr. Wadsworth at the same time."

"I will wait," said Hilda after brief reflection. "Though I have no faith in your defense. You have taken pay for influencing Mr. Wadsworth's action in a political matter. He will never pardon that."

"We shall see," responded Allen with such complete assurance that Hilda was deeply disturbed.

She was tempted to exercise a woman's privilege and recall her promise, but was restrained by something in Allen's manner. As he turned away he seemed to be suppressing a laugh.

During the forenoon she was busy with dictation, and at the close of it Wadsworth said:

"I shall be away this afternoon, but if you'll leave the letters for me I'll come over this evening and send them off."

Accordingly about 5 o'clock Hilda entered the private office carrying the letters. The room was dark and cold, and a gust of wind as she opened the door scattered some paper along the floor. She turned on the light, closed the window and began to gather up the loose sheets that had been dislodged by the draft. They revealed themselves as belonging to the Washington address which Allen had written. It must have been lying on the leaf of the desk. A sentence in the manuscript attracted Hilda's attention.

"Because of the undeniable greatness of Washington's nature friends of liberty were emboldened to defend our cause even in the legislative halls of England, where Pitt and Sir Isaac Newton and the celebrated Sir Boyle Roche"—

Hilda stared aghast. Then she hastily put the pages in order and read the address from beginning to end with rising wrath. It was a bold and clever attempt to make Mr. Wadsworth ridiculous. It abounded in the names of historical personages, some of them dead and others in swaddling clothes at the date in question and nearly all grotesquely out of place in the recital.

Mr. Wadsworth's information about public men and measures of his own time was wide and accurate; his ignorance of older history was sublime. The chances were very great that he would learn this monstrous speech and deliver it like a parrot and be forever after the theme of jests.

Hilda looked into the outer office, but Allen had departed. It was clear enough that he would never return and that his bargain with her had been a trick for delay. She rightly guessed that he had brought his corrupt dealings to such a point that flight was imperative and that at the last moment he had accepted a bribe to betray his benefactor.

The trickery in Allen's oration was so cleverly managed and the great names were so lavishly paraded from end to end of it that Hilda dared not trust her own knowledge for a full exposure of its snares. Therefore she took the manuscript to a public library, where she devoured encyclopedias to the neglect of her dinner, until she could remain no longer without risk of missing Mr. Wadsworth at the office.

As she approached the building she saw that the windows of the private office were dark, but there was a light in the larger room which seemed to be over Allen's desk. Was it possible that he was there? Hilda glanced in that direction instantly upon opening the door and beheld John Wadsworth in Allen's chair reading a book.

He was so absorbed in this task that he did not hear Hilda come in. She stood by the door watching him and wondering at the change in his looks. It was merely the familiar miracle of ancestral influence. A thoroughbred is always a thoroughbred, no matter what his individual experience may have been. An unlearned man, a stranger to books, if he be the true child of *book loving ancestors* has always something of the student in him which may be long hidden and in a flash revealed.

Hilda felt the blood come warm into her cheeks, and the springs of tears were stirred. It was to her like a meeting with some one whom she had deeply longed to see, one whom she had loved at a distance, when an impulse of recognition transcending the senses. *From that moment*, as her instinct told her, it would be impossible for her to deceive herself with the convenient fiction that her feeling toward this man was mere gratitude for kindness and consideration, for a secure and pleasant occupation and the unexpressed friendship of a strong and loyal nature.

"JUST LISTEN TO THIS," HE SAID.

Wadsworth paused in his reading and seemed about to turn the pages back that he might review a previous passage. Then he looked up, and his lips moved. Hilda knew that he was reciting from memory. *They were face to face, and* for an appreciable interval he did not see her, partly because of preoccupation, partly from an accident of the light, which shone now directly into his eyes. When the knowledge of her presence came to him he slowly raised his hand.

"Just listen to this," he said. "You'll say it's fine. Nobody could understand it better than you."

Then he repeated slowly and with absolute accuracy some words which he had read more than an hour ago:

"It has been said a thousand times that Washington's policy in this affair is unsupported in all the records of diplomacy, but such praise is both a misappreciation and an insult. There is abundant evidence for men of open mind that Washington chose this course simply because it was right, whatever ex possible alternative advised of dishonor."

"Sacrifice of dishonor," he repeated. "What do you think of it? There's the man. He knew the clean path every time, and he wouldn't walk in any other. I'm mighty glad I lost that speech."

"Lost it?" echoed Hilda, standing there with the document in her hands.

"Yes. Allen put it in my room the address I was to deliver tomorrow—and it's gone. I must have dropped it on the floor and it was swept out. I intended to learn it this evening, and when I awoke I didn't know what to do. Allen won't be here tomorrow, and he's just moved. I don't know where he lives. At first I thought I was stuck, and then I remembered this 'Life of Washington' that he used. So it seemed to me that I might dig up something for myself. Well, I did, and that's a fact."

"I am very glad," said she. "Tell me what it is."

"I have learned," said he slowly, "that the right is just the same for little men as for big men. Washington's way and my way do not differ by a hair's breadth. The true path was the same before him as it is before me; it is the same for us all if we have the grace to see it, as my aunt would say. Avoid all that savors of dishonor. Do you know what that means for me?"

She shook her head.

"It means that I can't work for this nomination nor take it even if it should come to me unsought as it won't. There are enough men of my stripe in Washington already, enough politicians. So that settles my speech for tomorrow night. You can write it for me on one sheet of paper. Just say that I am out of the race and that I indorse the silk stocking candidate, who happens to be a clean, able man. That's what I dug out of this book. I heard a scholar say once that the value of moral books was to supply forms of words for honest men's consciences. 'Your conscience always knows what's right, but not always how to say it.'

"You seem to be pleased," he added, with a smile. "That's queer. The only reason why I wanted to be a congressman was because I thought it might please you—I hoped it might."

"It certainly wouldn't," said she, amazed and puzzled. "Why, I didn't even feel sure that I'd be wanted here when you were gone."

"I hoped to take you with me."

"With you—to Washington?"

"There and everywhere Hilda, don't be frightened. I know you don't care for me. You should marry on your own level, a man of education. And what am I? So give me my answer, and I'll take it reverently and strive to be content—if we may still be just as we have been, and you won't go altogether out of my sight."

It seemed to her that she looked at him blankly; idiotically, and she was ashamed. But to him her face was a beautiful and wondrous revelation, full of the most sacred meaning. He took her hand timidly and raised it to his lips.

The Great Chain.

The "great chain," the links of which were two and one-half inches square and one foot long, each link weighing 140 pounds, was stretched across the Hudson river at West Point, just below Fort Clinton, May 1, 1778, to prevent the British warships from ascending the river. The total weight of the chain was 180 tons, and its length was 450 yards. Parts of it are still preserved at West Point.

Good and Evil.

Accustom yourself to submit on every occasion to a small present evil to obtain a greater, distant good. This will give decision, tone and energy to the mind, which thus disciplined will often reap victory from defeat and honor from repulse.—Colton.

Gallant.

"That pen will never come to perfection," remarked a young woman walking through a garden with Sydney Smith.

"Then let me lend perfection to the pen," said he gallantly offering her his arm.

SOME QUEER BELIEFS

SUPERSTITIONS THAT LINGER IN THIS MOVING WORLD.

There Is Not a Country on the Face of the Globe That Is Without Its Peculiar Notions or Quaint Ideas Regarding Signs and Omens.

Though many of the old omens and superstitions have passed, there still remain among every race hundreds and thousands of popular beliefs. Early religious teachings, fanatical beliefs, worship of idols, sorcery, necromancy and the like perhaps laid the foundation for the superstitions found among the peoples of the globe. It may be interesting to specify a few particularly. By comparing them with those which have come under his own observation in the United States the reader will be astonished at the similarity of a number and set to wondering how they became so widespread. Do they in some form exist before the confusion of languages, or were they carried from country to country by restless individuals in their travels and explorations during the centuries? How is it that the most important and degraded tribes on the other side of the world have some superstitions in common with the most civilized and progressive countries on this side?

The Eskimos believe in ghosts. To change the wind they drum, chant and howl, shoot against it, build fires and as a last resort fire the graves of the dead. When a child dies in Greenland the natives bury a live dog with it to be used by the child as a guide to the other world. When asked about this superstition they answer that "a dog can find his way anywhere." Similar to this custom is the pathetic one prevailing in some parts of France, where a mother buries her dead child with its favorite toy or her own hair, "that it may not feel quite alone."

Speaking of France, the belief is popular that the position of a drowned body may be discovered by a floating loaf of bread possibly the only scientific basis being that the loaf is apt to be carried by a current just as a body is. In Java a live chicken is thrown into the water to locate a drowned body by sinking near it. In certain sections of the United States a shirt belonging to the deceased or some near relative is thrown in to float on its gruesome mission, but in Norway those in search of a drowned body row to and fro with a cock in the boat, fully believing that the bird will crow when the boat reaches the spot where the corpse lies.

The cock and certain omens have long been connected in various countries. If it crows at a particular time in Persia it is the sign of some event affecting the family, and the master of the house rushes out to feel the bird's feet; if they are cold, it is a forerunner of death, but if warm the sign is propitious. In West Virginia the crowing of a cock before the door tells of a coming "company," while it is believed in other portions of the south—if not by the rural populations of other sections of the Union that the shrill clarion after sunset indicates early weather changes or the announcement of unwelcome news.

The natives of Cuba have one belief at least in common with Americans—they regard the hooting of an owl as a very bad sign. If they can succeed in killing the owl they believe this will break the spell involving the life of some member of the family. There is something weird in its hooting, and I have known persons to get out of bed at midnight to drive it from the tree or a corner of the dwelling, believing it a harbinger of ills. Perhaps the bird is held in awe in other countries. Others of the feathered tribe are so held or regarded with reverence. The people in the south of Ireland are particularly fearful of the robin entering their houses; it is prognostic of severe snows and frosts. The crow and pigeon are looked upon as unlucky in Poland, where the goat is a harbinger of good luck! In Sweden if one kill a wren he will break a bone before the year is out.

The animals and insects that in friendliness live near the abodes of man ought to have outlived the superstitions surrounding them long ago, but they have not. In Switzerland if a huntsman going out in the morning sees a fox cross his path or meets an old woman he turns back home. The first means no game, the second that he will shoot a man hidden in the leaves or do some other irreparable mischief. In America it is the rabbit crossing one's path which brings some sort of bad luck. In Hull, England, it is unlucky to kill crickets. In Lancashire it is thought they cut holes in the stockings of those who kill them. In portions of England also it is customary to announce to the bees a death in the family, especially that of the master, while if a swarm settle on the dead branch of a tree a death will occur in the family within a year. In rural America if one kills the first snake he sees in the spring it presages that he will overcome his enemies during that year. On the other hand, the African natives reverence the snake, and once a year kill a cobra and hang its skin to a tree, tail downward, where all the children are brought out and made to touch it, as this will put them under the serpent's care. If they find a dead snake they dress it in clothes and give it a great funeral. The American Indians believe every white deer has a madstone in its stomach. The cat and dog, universal pets though they be, are associated with superstitious belief. In England it is considered unlucky to sell a dog. If one howls before the door of some American household they fear the brute foretells an early death in the family. In Germany it is believed that any one who during his lifetime may have made enemies of cats is certain to be accompanied to the grave amid a storm of wind and rain and in Poland it is thought that the wearing of the skin of a cat on the breast will cure consumption.

Sailors of all countries have been noted for their peculiar superstitions from the time Jonah was thrown overboard to the present. Scotch sailors will not speak of a four footed animal while on the ocean. The Spanish never put the left foot down first when stepping on board, for to do so they believe, will bring disaster. He must be a courageous Swedish sailor, indeed, who will mention the name of a port for which he is bound.

The following "notions" are as peculiar as they are popular when they have sway: A Turk who finds a piece of bread on the ground picks it up, kisses it and carries it until he finds a hole in which it can be inserted. To do otherwise will doom him to the third hell. A sure cure for whooping cough in Sweden can be obtained, the people believe, by asking and following the advice of a man riding a piebald horse. In Scotland a young woman who tries on a widow's cap is sure to be a widow after marriage. A modern Grecian mother, before putting her child in its cradle, turns three times around before the fire while singing her favorite song. This is to ward off evil spirits.

When a boy a friend of mine attempted to rid my hands of warts by bidding me follow these directions: Tie a knot in a yarn string for every wart, touching a knot to each one; then bury the string, and when it rotted the wart would be gone. Recently I learned that the Tyrol Hindoo, troubled with a wart, looks at the new moon, picks up a pinch of dust from beneath his left foot, rubs the wart with it, and when the moon goes so does the wart.

In a cursory way I have specified some of the superstitions obtaining in England and America. I shall close this article with the mere mention of a few others. The English housewife will not sweep the dust out of the front door, fearing to sweep away the fortunes of the house. There are American housewives, when ready to move out of their home, who will not sweep the dirt out the front door, believing it would bring misfortune to the next tenant. Neither will they carry a cat or broom with them. In Devonshire it is believed the person who plants a bed of lilies of the valley will die in the next twelve months. In the United States there are many people who think that if a weeping willow be set out by the yard some member of the family will die before its topmost branch reaches the eaves of the house.—Nashville Americ.

He Was Too Late.

"This," said the lawyer, "is what happened here last month:

"Mr. B. drove up in a hansom and entered my shop, accompanied by his valet, who carried an oblong box of steel.

"Mr. B. asked for a private interview, and I took him into my office. There he opened the box, exposing a splendid array of diamond and pearl necklaces, earrings, tiaras and stomachers.

"Mrs. B., he said, is now abroad. Before she returns I want you to extract all these stones and to replace them with good imitations, selling the real jewels and giving me the money. This, of course, is to be a confidential transaction. Mrs. B. is to know nothing of it.

"I looked at Mr. B.," continued the jeweler, according to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "I think I blushed a little. 'My dear sir,' I said, 'I should be glad to do as you ask, but it is impossible. Two years ago Mrs. B. called here on the same errand that now brings you, and this errand, in her case, was successful. The paste jewels that you offer me are worth little more than the hire of the hansom awaiting you outside.'"

All Over the Earth.

No animal is met with over so wide an area of the earth's surface as man. The creature which most nearly approaches him in this respect is the dog, which in one form or another is to be found everywhere except in the West Indies, Madagascar and the Oceanic islands. Even to these places dogs have been introduced by men who came from countries where they abounded. In making the above statement the word "dog" is taken to be equivalent to the more scientific term of canidae, which genus includes not merely the domestic dogs of various races, but wolves, foxes, jackals and wild dogs, which all belong to the same great family. There is indeed no doubt that our canine pets are descended from the same common ancestors as the wild creatures just mentioned. Rats and mice are found almost everywhere on the earth's surface except in the central portions of the African and Australian continents and in the cold regions of the extreme north and south. Bats, too, are very widely distributed.

The Word "Demagogue."

"Demagogue," which means merely a leader of the people, seems doomed to attract an evil sense to itself. In English, Dryden and Swift used it in a good or neutral sense, the latter applying it to Demosthenes and Cicero, and John Richard Green wrote enthusiastically of Pym as "the grandest of demagogues," but the manner in which it was used in the "Eikon Basilike," attributed to Charles I., led Milton to speak of it as "a goblin word," and that is how it is invariably used today. In its native Greek its history was similar. It could be applied to statesmen such as Pericles, but, from being used by Greek Tories contemptuously to characterize such popular leaders as the [illegible] Cleon, it could eventually be defined by Aristotle as "flatterer of the demos."

Men With Hearts.

"I don't believe bachelors have any hearts," she said.

"Why, we're just the men who do have them," he replied.

"Why is that?" she asked.

"Because we haven't lost them."

Relief From Ennui.

"Don't you ever get tired of doing nothing?" asked one.

"Oh, yes," replied the other languidly.

"Well, what do you do then?"

"Take a rest."

A Difficult Labor.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—George Washington.

DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE REMEDY
Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

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Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

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That the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice endorse and recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their resultants, as bronchial, throat and lung diseases (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherry bark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Hare, of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., late of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago, and scores of others equally eminent in their several schools of practice.

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 1, 1900.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Don't fail to see "The Village Fool" at the Lyceum this evening.

—Mrs. Mary Kilday died at her home in Port Allegany on Wednesday of last week. She was 78 years of age.

—The window glass factory at Wellsboro resumed operations a few days ago, and it is said crude petroleum is being used for fuel.

—Edinboro Normal students are trained to self exertion, self control and self reliance. Spring term begins Mar. 27. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—The Port Allegany Argus says that Mrs. Mary E. Connolly has sold the Connolly House at that place to Patrick Rogan, the present proprietor.

—Clarion State Normal, Clarion, Pa. Special classes for those preparing for County Superintendent's examination. Expenses for Spring term (14 weeks) opening March 26, $43.50.

—Mrs. Fred Brownell, president of the Normandy C. L. S. C., entertained the members at a Japanese Tea at her home on King street. The decorations and menu were in harmony with Japanese customs. The regular program was given later in the evening.

—Miss Mary Wharton has taken a position with the Holly Motor Works. Miss Romain Sandboro with Mr. Hemion, Miss Maude Southwick with C. Rocky, Earnest Poger with the Irish Paper Co. of Buffalo and Miss Jessie McDowell with a lumber firm at Pittsburg. All are Warner Business College graduates.

—A little sermon: "The sorriest man on earth is the fellow who will sit around and cuss his own town. If I lived astride of the north pole I would call it home and be ready to boost it up. If I could not say anything nice about it I would say that my ice bill didn't come high. I would not stay in a town I had to cuss—not while the world is as big as it is now."

—While playing about the house last Monday morning, the 2-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Grimes, who reside below the tannery, tipped a pot of hot coffee upon himself. The flesh below the knees was so badly burned that the skin rolled down like stockings. Dr. Colcord was called and made the little one as comfortable as possible.—Port Allegany Argus.

Two Odd Volumes.

The book now by a French monk who instead of writing the words cut the letters from the vellum page and formed a sort of stencil has its opposite in a Swedish translation of the four gospels, which was done in gold and silver leaf. The initial letters are cut out of thin sheets of beaten gold done in delicate tracery, while the body of the text is of heavy silver. The folio is commended to the parliament page with an effect which in spite of the indubitable antiquity of the book has not lost its powers. Most freak books were evidently done to perpetuate the name of the ingenious owner, but this cripples absolutely no information as to its origin.

A more modern freak is the cotton of a Lyons silk weaving firm and is a prayer book in which the letters are woven into the silk. But one copy was made of the book and this is in the government library at Paris.

Physical Culture.

A rational system of physical culture should insure to every man and woman who adopts it a perfectly erect, poised figure, a straight spine, a broad, deep and capacious chest, uplifted and flexible, and harmonious development of all the muscles. He or she should be easy and graceful in every movement, possessed of marked muscular power and endurance, splendid health and a voice of notable equality and power.

So much would the rational system of physical development do for those who followed it, and any method which will not accomplish all of these things, even for its least promising students, is in so much incomplete and false. The object of physical culture methods is to render the body a more perfect instrument, more strong, more enduring, more obedient, to the commands of the will.—Outing Magazine.

Laugh and Live Long.

It has been aptly said that there is not the remotest corner of the inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good hearty laughter. The life principle of the central man is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from that conveyed at other times. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life, conveying as it does new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

Character Shown in Work.

A foolish person builds foolishly, and a wise one sensibly, a virtuous one beautifully and a sedulous one badly. If stonework is well put together it means that a thoughtful man cut it and an honest man cemented it. If it has too much ornament it means that its carver was too greedy of pleasure, if too little that he was rude or insensitive or stupid or the like. A man may hide himself from you or misrepresent himself to you every other way, but he cannot in his work. There be sure you have him to the utmost, all that he likes, all that he sees, all that he can do—his imagination, his affection, his perseverance, his impatience, clumsiness, cleverness, everything is there. If the work is a cobweb you know it was made by a spider, if a honeycomb by a bee, a wormcast is thrown up by a worm and a nest wreathed by a bird, and a house is built by a man worthily if he is worthy and ignobly if he is ignoble. And always, from the least to the greatest, as a thing made is good or bad so is the maker of it.

George III. and Our Flag.

Ellicrah Watson of Philadelphia, a distinguished patriot, visited England soon after the close of the Revolution. Having won money on a wager, he decided to use the same for a picture of himself to be painted by Copley. In the course of time the picture was finished, with the exception of a background, which the painter had reserved for a picture of a ship representing the bringing to America of the news of the recognition of the United States of America. The ship was finished, and no one remained but to paint a flag at her mast. Watson dined with Copley on Dec. 5, 1782, and after listening to the speech of the king recognizing the new nation Copley went directly home and painted in the flag while the words of acknowledgment were still warm from the lips of the king. He had refrained from doing so before because his studio was the resort of royalty and nobility. This painted flag is said to have been the first American flag seen by George III., who visited Copley's studio soon after the picture was completed.

[illegible] swaying, swaying and twirling of the hat have all of them a most intimate and powerful influence upon the body's activities, organic and muscular. Rolling is a form of exercise which is a favorite with many animals and is especially practiced for the purpose of relieving fatigue. Rolling is peculiarly enjoyable and grateful to the animal. The genius is responsible for relief for the animal [illegible] completed of rubs and the flow in the circulation. [illegible] rolls the firm pressure of the animal upon his body combines a most effective and agreeable measure.

Hearses After Night.

There is one kind of vehicle that neither the oldest nor the youngest inhabitant has seen on the street at night, or, if he has seen it at all, only infrequently. That is a hearse. Every other kind of conveyance, used by modern man is driven about the streets freely after nightfall—the hearse alone comes under the curfew law. Early hours seem to be imposed upon that somber carriage by common consent. The public doesn't like to see it after dark, and coachmen don't like to drive it. No doubt there are hearses that are compelled by the exigencies of funeral arrangements to come home at unseasonable hours, but when forced to an infringement of the unwritten law they proceed through quiet streets where they will be least likely to wound the sensibilities of the superstitious.—New York Herald.

"Dew Ponds."

Among the most singular archaeological remains found in Great Britain are the ancient "dew ponds," the construction of which is ascribed to people of the Neolithic age. The purpose of these ponds was to furnish drinking water for cattle. An exposed position, where springs were absent, was selected, and a broad, hollowed surface was formed and covered over with straw or some other nonconducting material. Above was spread a thick layer of clay strewn with stones. During the night the cold surface of the clay caused an abundance of moisture to condense from the lower layers of the air. Some of these ancient dew ponds are still in working order.

Mixed Feelings.

The little girl who, after a drink of soda, declared that her nose felt as if her foot was asleep has evidently grown up and retained her happy power of expression, for evidently the young lady mentioned in Punch is the same person who drank bubbles when she was small:

The young woman was traveling in a coach as an elderly and somewhat sour looking man in trying to open the window, pinched his finger nail severely.

"Oh!" exclaimed the lady sympathetically, "How horrid! I always think anything wrong with one's nails sets one's teeth on edge all down one's back!"

Atmosphere.

There is a wide difference of opinion among the learned men of the world as to what would be the effect of wholly removing the atmosphere. Some think that if it were possible to live afterward all the stars, planets, etc., would be visible in broad daylight. Others declare that there would be no day and that the sun itself could not be seen under such conditions.

Mutual.

Mrs. Kratchett—Bridget, I don't like the looks of that man who called to see you last night. Bridget—Well, well ain't it funny, ma'am?. He said the same about you.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Growing Water Lilies From Seed.

Many of the choicest water lilies, even the magnificent Victoria regia, may be grown from seed. For many years the seed of this lily, when brought to this country, failed to germinate.

It was finally found that by bottling the seeds in the water of the river in which they grew they could be transported safely from the waters of the Amazon to the far west. Here the lily is usually grown with bottom heat, as it is very tender. Seeds started in pots in a temperature of 90 degrees will germinate in about two weeks, and may be planted out in the open air when the nights have become warm—usually about the 1st of June—and will bloom the same summer, but cannot be carried through the winter, but must be started afresh each season, either by the purchase of plants or the sowing of seed, the latter being, of course, much more economical, as seeds may be purchased for a few nickels apiece, the plants costing as many dollars.—American Homes and Gardens.

Use For Old Shoes.

Janitors collect the shoes cast away by tenants and send them to auction rooms, where they are sorted into pile marked "Men," "Women," "Children." Several poor people made fair bids, but the auctioneer did not seem anxious to sell. Finally a man pushed his way through the crowd and offered to buy the whole lot. His bid was successful.

"I was killing time with talk waiting for that fellow," said the auctioneer afterward. "He always pays high for the shoes, and he does not want them for wearing either. He wants to beat them out for the leather in them. He gets what material there is, puts it through a process and makes stamped imitation leather novelties, such as picture frames, bags, pocketbooks, pen knife holders and even chair backs and seats. He finds a ready sale for these novelties and gets a good price for them."—Shoe Retailer.

Blessing the River.

In the little Balkan state of Roumania it has been the custom from time immemorial for towns by the river Danube to keep the Christmas feast by a peculiar ceremony called "blessing the river." This used to be carried out on a scaffolding erected on the frozen river, but owing to an accident, when the ice broke, and hundreds of people were drowned, it is now held upon the bank. The people wear garlands of colored paper and carry long white wands. Some are dressed to represent Biblical characters. The service, conducted by priests, lasts about half an hour, and then the ice is broken and a small wooden cross thrown into the water. Then people rush into the icy river after this emblem, and the person who secures it is supposed to be assured of great good luck for the coming year.

The Peril of the Hennins.

The hennins or headdresses worn by ladies of the fifteenth century were in shape of horns and so long that a woman's face appeared to be in the center of her figure. The clergy condemned them and threatened the wearers with perdition; but for all that they were worn higher than ever. At last a strolling evangelist at Paris promised absolution to all who would destroy the hennins, and the mob went to work and wrecked the headdresses whenever they appeared in public. The hennins were trampled under foot and their wearers insulted all over Paris. Scores of lives were lost in the efforts of the cavaliers to defend the hennins from the rabble, but in vain, and the enormous headdresses disappeared, some other feminine absurdity taking their place.

Blind Alex's Wonderful Memory.

Blind Alex, who lived in Stirling, Scotland, from 1830 to about 1840, had the most wonderful memory of which any account has ever been recorded. He was familiarly known as "The Complete Concordance" on account of the fact that he knew the entire Old and New Testaments "by heart." He was tested a half dozen or more different times before the Scottish Society of Advanced Learning and always succeeded in convincing the professors that he was all that had been claimed for him. Any sentence in the entire Bible was repeated to him he would instantly name chapter and verse, or if the book, chapter and verse were named he could give the exact words of the quotation.

A Precise Answer.

"Lawyers are supposed to be the most literal minded men," said an eminent member of the bar, "but every now and then counsel in course of practice will encounter witnesses who can give them points in the matter of literal answers. An Irishman was called to testify in a damage suit arising out of the death of a man at the hands of a bull, so to speak.

"'Are we to understand, sir,' asked the prosecuting attorney, 'that the deceased, Patrick Flannigan, was your father?'

"'He was till the bull killed him,' was the reply of the wary witness."

Butchery In War.

In one of Du Guesclin's victories so many English were taken captive that even the humblest soldier among the French had one or more prisoners. The victors, however, fell to quarreling, and ill feeling becoming rife in the French army in consequence of these quarrels over the prisoners, Du Guesclin ordered all the captives to be butchered, and the brutal order was carried out.

How She Knew.

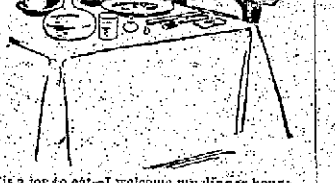
Mr. McSosh—What was it that made you think I'd been drinking last night? Mrs. McSosh—Oh, I don't know. I suppose the fact that you were fearfully drunk had as much to do with it as anything.—Cleveland Leader.

Advancing.

"Is your daughter going to make her debut this season, Mrs. Parvenue?"

"No, indeed! Mme. Pakin attends to all that. We don't have to do our own sewing no more."—Baltimore American.

A FOOLISH PLAN



'Tis a joy to eat—I welcome my dinner hour;
Because I rout indigestion with August Flower

¶Constipation is the result of indigestion, biliousness, flatulency, loss of appetite, self-poisoning, anemia, emaciation, uric acid, neuralgia in various parts of the system, catarrhal inflammation of the intestinal canal and numerous other ailments that rob life of its pleasures if they do not finally rob you of life itself.

¶"I'm bound in the bowels," is a common expression of people who look miserable and are miserable—yet who persist in "letting nature take its course."

¶What a foolish plan, when nature could be aided by the use of Green's August Flower, which is nature's own remedy for constipation and all stomach ills.

¶August Flower gives new life to the liver and insures healthy stools.

¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells

Ask a Woman

what she thinks of plumbing. Her keen discernment will surprise you. She will point out defects most men wouldn't see. That's why its wise to have women consulted about

The Entire Plumbing of a Home

As to our plumbing work we invite the keenest scrutiny. Its plumbed to stay. Get us and it will be as a woman likes it.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

PLUMBER, STEAM AND GAS FITTER, Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist,

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHER

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

ALWAYS BOUGHT IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM.

TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

The Liran Evening Mine

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Propr.

Smethport, Thursday, March 1, 1906.

Political Announcement.

FOR ASSEMBLY.

EDITOR MINER:—I am a candidate for member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. If nominated and elected, I will strive to represent our county with fairness to all and to secure only such legislation as will promote the best interests of all. I believe that many reforms are needed in Pennsylvania and, if elected, I will vote to secure and maintain them.

R. P. HAGOOD.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 21, 1906.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

P. D. OSTRANDER.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 27, 1906.

REAR ADMIRAL CHADWICK winds up his active naval career this week and retires from the service. He commanded Admiral Sampson's flagship during the Santiago incident which resulted so unpleasantly for Sampson.

A LARGE shirt factory at Bridgeport, Conn., was destroyed by fire on Tuesday, entailing a loss of about $75,000. Five hundred girls were marched out barely in time to save their lives. One woman was so badly frightened that she collapsed and died.

GOV. GOODING of Idaho has issued a statement regarding the assassination of former Governor Frank Steunenberg, in which he says officially that Harry Orchard has made a full confession as to the manner and motive of the assassination of former Governor Steunenberg. "In that confession," the governor says, "Orchard implicated all those now under arrest and others. He told the story of 25 murders, the result of conspiracies in which all the accused parties were interested."

A RAGE was on at Springfield, Ohio, and the situation is serious. On Tuesday two negroes shot and probably fatally wounded a railroad man in the railroad yards. This so infuriated his friends that a mob of 1,000 was formed and they marched to "The Jungles," the negro quarter, and threatened to burn the entire section. They entered a negro saloon and demolished that and, farther final by drunk, then attacked the houses. By to midnight seven houses were destroyed. The State militia was called out to quell the rioters.

JOHANN HOCH, the bigamist and wife murderer, was hanged in Chicago last Friday for poisoning his wife, Marie Welcher Hoch. Just before the trap was sprung he protested his innocence and said that they were hanging an innocent man. At the last moment Hoch's attorney asked for a writ of habeas corpus that an appeal might be made to the United States Supreme Court, but the Judge refused it. The attorneys say they will continue the case and if it is decided that Hoch had the right of appeal arrests will be made.

THE announcement of P. D. Ostrander of Keating township as a candidate for Jury Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, appears in this issue. Mr. Ostrander is an able and honest man and if elected to this position would discharge his duties in a most satisfactory manner. He has always been a staunch Republican, coming from a family that has espoused the principles of Republicanism ever since the party was organized, and his claim for recognition is as good as any man who will ask for the nomination. He has many friends in this section who would like to see him thus honored.

THE candidates for Representative to the Legislature from Tioga county have agreed to make no personal canvas of the county to secure their nomination, nor to have any other person make a canvass for them. They will set forth their claims through the newspapers, or by letters if they see fit, and then allow the voters to make their choice without any personal coercion. This certainly is a most commendable way of seeking a nomination or election, and should become popular throughout the country. We are of the opinion that if the candidates of this county would adopt the same plan it would be better for all concerned. Who will start the movement in this county?

As will be seen by referring to the head of these columns R. B. Habgood has announced his candidacy for Member of the House of Representatives from this county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Habgood has for several years past been the president and general manager of The Star Publishing Co., and contributes many of the editorials in the Bradford Evening Star. He has been secretary of the Bradford Board of Trade and as such has done much for the betterment of that enterprising city and the county in general. He is also secretary of the Pennsylvania State Editorial Association and takes an active interest in that organization. The Star is a Republican newspaper and has always worked for the interests of the party. Personally Mr. Habgood is an able man who if elected to represent this county in the Legislature would make his mark. As stated in his announcement reforms are needed in this State and we believe Mr. Habgood is a man who would use his best efforts to make those needed reforms in a safe, sane and sensible way.

THE proposition to investigate the methods of railroads carrying coal and oil, in handling the products of the mines and refineries in the commerce between the states, has been taken up with vigor, both by the President and Congress. The measure now before the Senate is progressing along non-partisan lines, but with apparent unanimity of sentiment in its support by members not subject to corporation influences. Independent operators in coal and oil have long complained of discriminations, but little progress could be made while appeals were addressed to bodies influenced by the subsidizing processes of corporations applied through attorney fees and transportation favors. There is a new order of work laid out for Congress by the President, whose vigor and persistency in the attacking abuses existing in interstate transportation have made the subject the most prominent before the people at this time. Independent operators and small shippers will get a square deal in both state and interstate transportation just as rapidly as the bodies making and applying the laws are released from corporation influences.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., Feb. 24, 1906.

The man who a few years ago was known as a clever lawyer and who has since been Secretary of War and is now Secretary of State will without doubt take rank, in fact has already taken rank, with Seward, Hay and other great diplomatists and chancellors. Not a week passes but that his intelligent and expert influence is felt in the great affairs of this country. The adjustment of our strained relations with Germany during the last week is by no means the least of his accomplishments. It is true we made in that negotiation an important concession to German traders. We did not vary the tariff, but we did arrange for an appraisal of German goods at the port of departure before the goods were shipped. This to the mind of anyone who knows the importing business and the ways of American appraisers, was sheer deceipt, no more. But out of this concession, the State Department secured an extension of the present trade agreement with Germany for sixteen months and placed us on the same footing as the European nations with whom Germany has negotiated new commercial treaties. It was Mr. Root's first big piece of international diplomacy. To be sure he had previously headed the Alaskan Boundary Commission and secured the interpretation of the old Russian treaty that came near disrupting the British Empire. But that was done by active work as an advocate. The present triumph was won by sitting still. Of course Germany might have elected in the extremity to declare a tariff war. Possibly Secretary Root knew she would not. Anyhow, he sat still and let the other man walk the floor. Baron von Sternburg came near taking rooms at the State Department in the last two weeks. He spent a lot of money in cable tolls to his home government. And to judge from the result, the burden of those messages must have been "Secretary of State says nothing doing." Anyone who knows Secretary Root's placid exterior can imagine his leaning back behind the broad desk in his office and saying to the German Ambassador, "Awfully sorry, you know, but you see yourself how indifferent the Senate is. I am afraid there is nothing to be done. Have another cigar." And thus was a great diplomatic triumph achieved. If the case had called for different treatment, the Secretary probably would have been there with the treatment. But the result in all probability would have been the same.

The Senate is having a lot of trouble over the Philippine Tariff bill. Mr. Hathaway who was sent out to the Islands to make a case against the bill and notably succeeded, has been followed before the Senate Committee that is holding the hearings by Mr. George Dresson Ray who has also made a study of sugar conditions on the ground and who assures the committee as did Governor Wright, that there is no prospect of the Islands swamping this country with Philippine sugar. Mr. Ray assured the committee that there was neither the land nor the labor available for any immense increase in the sugar output and that before a great crop of sugar could be economically grown they would have to be an influx of American capital and American machinery such as was decidedly unlikely till the Islands were at least a decade more advanced. He said that the bill as it had been framed was a necessary and just concession to the commercial necessities of the Islands and there was no harm to be apprehended from it to the American beet sugar or cane sugar industries.

Another move in the current crusade to secure fair and equal treatment for all shippers in the United States, is a bill just introduced by Mr. Rhinock of Kentucky to declare the pipe line common carriers and subject them to the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission. If this measure becomes a law, it ought to afford a great deal of relief to the oil shippers of the country who have frequently declared that they are wholly at the mercy of the pipe lines that transport their oil. As the case now stands, there are many localities where the pipe lines have not even the nominal competition of the railroads and where they are able to buy or what is the same thing, transport the crude oil at their own price and demand their own price for delivering it to the refineries. The pipe lines have always held that they were not common carriers within the meaning of the act, but the Rhinock bill purposes to make them so and if it succeeds there will be a chorus of rejoicing from the oil shippers.

David Ross, the purchasing agent of the Panama Canal Commission, was before the Senate Canal Commission this week and frankly told the committee that the commission had bought rails in this country for from $1.50 to $2.50 a ton less than the mills sold the same rails to American railroads. He said the roads were familiar with the state of affairs and were willing to see the export market lower for the sake of bringing business to this country. He said the same thing was true of many of the other supplies purchased. For instance, locomotives were bought for less than the same companys sold them for in the States. The American railroads knew this too, but they were willing to stand it.

QUALITY

WHEN YOU
WANT THE
BEST IN
CANNED
VEGETABLES
WE CAN
FURNISH YOU
WITH THEM.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard, and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic, and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Executrix's Notice.

Whereas letters testamentary to the estate of John McKernan, late of Keating township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent will make known the same, without delay to Gorton & Richmond, Attorneys.

ANNA McKERNAN,
P. O. Address, Smethport, Pa.

LAST GREAT SALE
OF THE SEASON.
Feb. 23 to Mar. 5.
FINAL CLARANCE PRICES ON
LADIES and CHILDREN' COATS.

We have left from the season's selling a limited number of COATS on which we make very special low prices to close out. We need the money and you need the coats. If we can get somewhere near the cost we are satisfied.

A few furs left will sell below cost. An excellent lot of ladies skirts, all colors, latest styles, good values at $3.75 to $9.50, now reduced to from $2.75 to $6.50.

A few heavy white wash waists left to close out at cost. Fleece down kimonas, dressing sacques and wrappers to go below cost.

Women's and children's fleece lined underwear marked down to close out. A few wool sweaters, gloves and fascinators at cost. A lot of corsets reduced to 25 and 38c to close out. Everything in millinery now at less than cost.

Don't neglect this money saving opportunity for these goods must go at a great sacrifice to make room for spring goods coming in.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN'S

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c
Emperor and Puritan 20c
Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You, Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

COLD, WET
WEATHER

Will soon be here and you will want footwear that will do good service. We keep in stock a complete line of well known makes and our prices are reasonable. For the best in

FOOTWEAR

this is the place. Call and see our line.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet ine of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"KE" GLEASON, The Photograph
Smethport, Pa.

NEW SPRING GOODS

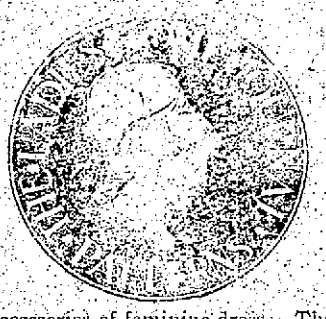
Now on Exhibition.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

ASK TO SEE THE
NEW QUARTERLY

The Spring Number of the Ladies' Home Journal Quarterly Style Book is now ready and for sale. It is the greatest book of the kind ever issued, containing colored fashion plates, 140 large pages, over 1300 illustrations of the latest and best styles, and special articles of great interest to every woman. It is issued to meet the demand for complete and absolutely reliable information as to the season's fabrics, the latest styles in stockings, shoes, hair dressing, millinery and other accessories of feminine dress. The Quarterly contains everything you see in this counter catalogue and a great deal more. The edition is limited. To avoid disappointment buy a copy at once. Price 25 cents.



D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
January 9, 1906.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
IN
Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR
GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

My Christmas trade was unusually good and I wish to thank the people of this vicinity for their liberal patronage and wish all a Happy New Year. I have a few toys and useful articles which I will sell at or below cost to make a clean sweep of my holiday stock.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa

We wish to call your attention to our new line of

... JAMESTOWN DRESS GOODS ...

These are all new weaves and correct colorings for the

Spring Skirt or Suit.

It is a little early we admit for these goods, but we ask you to call and allow us to show you a line which we will ask you to compare with any other. Jamestowns are the finest goods on the market to-day and we have the choice patterns of the line.

A full line of the latest ideas in trimmings make this department the most complete to be found.

We wish you to call.

The Lindholm Co.

1904

Automatic Washer

Positively does the washing in less than half the time required by other device,

Will cleanse 8 shirts in 8 minutes; equivalent to 1 shirt per minute and guaranteed to wash lace curtains without the slightest injury to same.

DOES IT WITH PERFECT EASE.

Operator can sit down and do the washing. A child of 12 years can do the entire washing.

Let us send you one on a week's trial.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 1, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—March.

—Lent commenced yesterday.

—"The Village Fool" at the Lyceum to-night.

—Miss May Choate has been quite ill at her home on King street.

—Monheimer keeps Walk-Over shoes. His ad on this page is interesting.

—Mrs. E. L. Keenan entertained a number of ladies at 500 Tuesday afternoon.

—The Shur-Edge pocket knife is advertised by Holmes & Gilfillan this week.

—All feminine readers will be interested in D. C. Young's new ad in this issue.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. Stark entertained the Progressive Pedro Club at their home on Green street last evening.

—Spring is coming. The beautiful new things advertised by Fry & Comes this week will convince all of the fact.

—The Lindholm Co. have a large assortment of Jamestown dress goods, and call attention to them in their new ad.

—The Smethport Window Glass factory was shut down from Thursday night until Monday night, while new blocks were set.

—Mrs. Guy H. McCoy entertained the Euchre Club Tuesday afternoon. The favors were won by Mrs. W. S. Palmer and Miss Ethel Gifford.

—B. F. Wright has purchased the dwelling house of F. L. Holmes at the corner of Main and Hill streets and will take possession about April 1st.

—The scaffold is built and everything is in readiness for the execution of Charles Brewster at Condersport. The man will be hanged on Tuesday, March 6.

—Frank Forbes, a well known Bradford printer who has been employed on the Era for fifteen years, has accepted a position with the Oil City Derrick, as telegraph editor.

—Fire broke out in the residence of Paul P. Lyon in Bradford. Mrs. Lyon, who was at home alone with her child at the time, rushed up stairs and rescued the child from the couch which was on fire, before he received any burns. She then turned in an alarm and the fire was extinguished before any great damage was done.

—Mrs. W. S. Palmer of East Main street entertained a number of ladies last Saturday afternoon in honor of Mrs. W. J. Grandin of Tidioute, Pa. Mrs. R. C. Gleason won the progression prize.

—C. H. McVean, the expressman, has purchased the team, wagons and general draying business of E. W. Jones and will conduct it in the future. Charlie is a hustler and we wish him success.

—William Bovaird, a resident of Bradford for 25 years, died Monday evening at his home on Jackson avenue from ailments incident to old age. He is survived by a wife, two daughters and five sons.

—You should see "The Village Fool" at the Lyceum to-night. It is said to be a good clean comedy and well worth the price of admission. Tickets, 25, 35 50 cents. Get your seats early at Wells' drug store

—The body of a badly decomposed man, supposed to be Daniel Sculley, a tramp, was found floating in the Allegany river at Warren last Saturday. He is supposed to have been in the water for two months.

—"My Wife's Family" which is to appear at the Lyceum next Monday evening, is a first class musical comedy and judging from the press notices it has received, will no doubt please the theatregoers of this place.

—Russell McAllister died at his home in Bradford last Friday night, aged 76 years. He was the father of Bert McAllister who is well known here. He was a veteran of the Civil war and was well known throughout the county.

—The breezy farce comedy "My Wife's Family," is making its first visit to Pittsburg, but judged by its enthusiastic reception last night, it is sure to come back again.—Pittsburg Gazette. At the Lyceum Monday evening, Mar. 5th.

—A number of Pennsylvania postmasters who permitted special editions of newspapers to be sent through the mails by political committees are now being asked by the government to pay one penny for each copy discovered by the post-office inspectors. The papers were mailed at pound rates. Postmaster Weyand of Beaver, has already paid $470 for 47,000 copies of the Beaver Argus sent out by the Fusion committee of that county.

—A quarter of beef was stolen from the kitchen of the Crittendon House, Condersport, one night last week, but even that is no excuse for John Mundy of the Democrat inflicting such awful puns on his readers as he did in the last issue.

—Jerome Keesler of Mt. Alton, who is seriously ill with typhoid-pneumonia, was brought here on Monday so that he could get better medical aid than was possible at his home. He is at the home of his sister, Mrs. John Haley, on East Main street.

—John Digel, who drives the delivery wagon for Hagberg & Sherburne, is suffering from blood poisoning in his right hand. Some time ago he inflicted a slight cut on that member and caught cold in it. It is now giving him a great deal of trouble.

—Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Wagner of No. 17 Main street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Ada, to Dr. R. K. Russell. The marriage will take place in the near future.—Bradford Era. Miss Wagner has visited Smethport a number of times and her many friends extend congratulations.

"A man who is clean both inside and outside, who neither looks up to the rich or down to the poor; who can lose without squealing and win without bragging; who is considerate of women, children and old people; who is too brave to lie; too generous to cheat and who takes his share of the world and lets other people have theirs, is a man."—Ex

—The girls at the Butter Dish factory are out on a strike. There seems to be some dissatisfaction over the price paid for piece work. The Argus has been informed that a cut of 2 cents per M on sewing has been given. Hence the trouble. It is to be hoped that the matter will be adjusted soon and the plant running again.—Port Allegany Argus.

—At the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday morning the Rev. W. A. Harris will preach on "What is a Religious Revival?" In the evening the topic will be "The Curse of the Septic Soul Treatment." On Sunday, March 11, special meetings will begin, to be continued for two weeks. Miss Ethel M. Hardy of Buffalo, a singing evangelist, will assist in the work.

—On Wednesday morning of last week at 3:30 the B. & S. shops and round house at Austin, were destroyed by fire. The fire department responded promptly, but the water pressure was low and before connection could be made with the pumps at the mill, it was too late. The loss is placed at $25,000. The Autograph states that the buildings will be replaced at once on a larger scale.

—Services at St. Luke's church next Sunday will be: Morning prayer, litany and sermon at 10:30 a. m., Sunday school at 12 m., evening prayer at 7:30. Services in All Saints' chapel, East Smethport, at 2:30 p. m. The services during the week are: Wednesday, Mar. 9, Ember Day, litany at 9 a. m.; children's service at 2:30 p. m. Friday, Mar. 9, Ember Day, litany at 9 a. m.; evening prayer and address at 7:30 p. m.

—Mrs. Robert Hamilton is seriously ill with appendicitis at the Kane Summit hospital. On Tuesday Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane was summoned here to perform an operation but after an examination it was decided to remove her to the hospital before attempting it. She was taken to Kane Tuesday evening with the intention of operating yesterday but Mrs. Hamilton was so fatigued from the journey that it was postponed and Dr. Hamilton returned home last evening. This morning he received a telephone message from the bedside of his wife saying that she was very much improved, and her many friends here hope for her speedy recovery.

Now is the time to get a blanket for your horse. Lemmler has a large assortment.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS	$80,000.00

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Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cas Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single o double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. John Clark was a Buffalo visitor last Saturday.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett was a Bradford visitor Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Weaver were Kane visitors over Sunday.

Miss Katharine Daly of Newert spent Sunday with friends in town.

Dr. W. P. Burdick was down from Mt. Jewett on business Monday.

Miss Dora Keenan returned Saturday from a two week's visit in Buffalo.

Mrs. Rose M. Orr of Warren is a guest at the home of W. O. Herzog.

Miss Bessie Provin of Bolivar, N. Y., is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Miss Eva M. Zwergel returned Tuesday evening from a short visit to Buffalo.

Rev. J. Heber McCandless left Monday Gulfport, Miss., and other Southern points.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Davis of Bradford visited Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Morrison over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Grandin of Tidioute have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Palmer.

Mrs. J. C. Hendee of Hornellsville, N. Y., is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. Hopper.

Mrs. E. A. Riggall and little son returned Saturday evening from a visit to friends in Bolivar.

John Healey of Bradford has been doing jury duty this week and incidentally visiting his daughter, Mrs. B. J. Cummins.

Miss Ruth Walker returned Saturday from a visit in Bradford. She was accompanied home by her sister, Mrs. Houkenberry.

WANTED.— Bright, honest young man from Smethport to prepare for paying position in Government Mail Service. Box One, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Have you ever used a Universal Bread Mixer? If not you had better get one on trial from Holmes & Gilfillan.

WANTED—White oak piling, telegraph poles, ties and lath. Box 151, Station A, Pittsburg, Pa.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Inquire at this office.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Monday, March 5th,

LAST SEASON'S LAUGHING SUCCESS

STEPHENS & LINTON

PRESENT

THE MERRY MUSICAL MIX-UP

MY WIFE'S FAMILY

With DON & BEAMISH

ABSOLUTELY THE

Real Laughing Show.

A MERRY RIOT OF FUN AND MUSIC

PRICES:
25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Reserved seats on sale at H. C. Wells' Drug Store.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience tisfaction guaranteed

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

At MONHEIMER'S

$3.50 $4
WALK-OVER SHOES
For Every Occasion

WE ARE READY FOR YOU WITH OXFORDS FOR SPRING

THE WALK-OVER MAN

can provide you with footwear that will surpass your expectations in fit, style, service, if you will but give him the opportunity. Come in, try on a pair. See the newest spring styles. Every pair is right for which you have our assurance and guarantee.

Fair Wear or a New Pair.

Wm. Monheimer.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

NEW THINGS FOR SPRING WEAR

There's a great lot of new stuff coming to our store these days that you ought to see. This is the spring and summer preparation time—nearer still is Easter with its demands.

Commence your sewing now—now when you can get just the things you want and avoid the annoyances incident to the last days hurry.

SILKS.

A great variety in plain and fancy silks of the newest weaves and colorings awaits you. Besides the regular lines we have some very choice in single patron lengths. Per yd. 50c to $1.50

WASH GOODS

Never before have we had quite so fine a lot of Summer Wash Goods as now. Large flowers are again the main decoration and sheer weights are to have the lead. Per yd. 5c to 50c

GINGHAMS

Makes of time proven worth ginghams that survive the tub and hard wear.

A. F. C. Ginghams, per yd.	10c
Red Seal	10c
Bates Seersuckers	11c

BUTTERFLY SKIRTS

We have the exclusive agency for the above make of ready-to-wear dress and walking skirts. The "Butterfly" stands for exquisite tailoring and the best of materials. In short it means skirt satisfaction. Black, white and colors. $5.00 to $17.50

WAISTS

The new waists styles are exceedingly pleasing.

Short sleeves and back buttoned styles are seen to a great extent. $1.00 to $5.00

SHIRTS FOR MEN

The first installment of spring styles in Monarch and Cluett Shirts has arrived. Coat styles with attached cuffs predominate. $1.00 $1.50 $2.00

FRY & COMES

Rochester Shur Edge Pocket Knives.

"You can never tell by the looks of a frog how far he can jump," and you can't tell by the "looks" of a pocket-knife how much satisfaction it will give you, nor how long it will hold its cutting qualities. But when you buy

SHUR EDGE CUTLERY

you may rest assured that every blade is hand forged from Wordlow's superfine steel, natural gas tempered, file and wire tested by skilled mechanics who have years of experience.

With a knife comes a guarantee that we will replace free of charge all knives that are actually imperfect in workmanship or temper, don't risk buying a poor knife when you know our guarantee.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top

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PRILL BRADFORD, PA. PRILL

PRILL'S Reduction Sale is on. Reducing stock before inventory. Great bargains in every line. Now is the time to buy Diamonds and Watches.

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McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case

Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

HISTORY MAKERS.

Fifteen of the Most Decisive Battles of the World.

The fifteen decisive battles of the world from the fifth century before Christ to the beginning of the nineteenth century of the present era, as given by the Historian Creasy, are as follows:

The battle of Marathon, in which the Persian hosts were defeated by the Greeks under Miltiades, B. C. 490.

The defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse, B. C. 413.

The battle of Arbela, in which the Persians under Darius were defeated by the invading Greeks under Alexander the Great, B. C. 331.

The battle of Metaurus, in which the Carthaginian forces under Hasdrubal were overthrown by the Romans, B. C. 207.

Victory of the German tribes under Arminius over the Roman legions under Varus, A. D. 9. The battle was fought in what is now the province of Lippe, Germany, near the source of the River Elust.

Battle of Chalons, where Attila the Terrible, King of the Huns, was repulsed by the Romans under Aetius, A. D. 451.

Battle of Tours, in which the Saracen Turks invading western Europe were utterly overthrown by the Franks under Charles Martel, A. D. 732.

Battle of Hastings, by which William the Conqueror became the ruler of England, Oct. 14, 1066.

Victory of the French under Joan of Arc over the English at Orleans, April 29, 1429.

Defeat of the Spanish armada by the English naval forces, July 29 and 30, 1588.

Battle of Blenheim, in which the French and Bavarians were defeated by the allied armies of Great Britain and Holland under the Duke of Marlborough, Aug. 2, 1701.

Battle of Pultowa, the Swedish army under Charles XII. defeated the Russians under Peter the Great, July 8, 1709.

Victory of the American army under General Gates over the British under General Burgoyne, at Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777.

Battle of Valmy, where the allied armies of Prussia and Austria were defeated by the French under Marshal Kellerman, Sept. 20, 1792.

Battle of Waterloo, the allied forces of the British and Prussians defeated the French under Napoleon, the final overthrow of the great commander, June 18, 1815.

His Small Bank Account.

Independence is Smith's strong point. He is a young professional man, with only a partly developed income as yet. Once in awhile, perhaps three or four times a month, he gets a check from a client. These checks he deposited in one of the larger banks for a time, but his balance was always merely nominal, and he finally received a hint that he ought to carry at least $500 with the bank. He closed the account, and then began planning how to be a depositor with a small account and yet be under no obligations.

He went to a smaller bank, stated his circumstances frankly, and asked what the cashier would consider the cost a month of carrying his account. He was told to come in the next day and, doing so, was informed that he could open an account and have a balance or no balance, just as he pleased, for $2 a month. That means $24 a year, but it suited him.

"Now I put in a check when I get one—and draw against it," he says, "and I'm under no obligation to any one. I have as much independence as the fellow who carries a balance running into the thousands. The scheme isn't patented, either."—New York Post.

Man Is Oddly Made.

The established fact that a person's hands or feet are rarely of uniform size is better known than that the two sides of a human's face are never alike. It is a scientific principle that the eyes are out of line in two cases in five, and one eye is said to be stronger than the mate in the ratio of seven to ten persons. As a rule, the right ear is a trifle more elevated than the left. Individuals having fair complexions show the largest percentage of visual defects. One person in fifteen has perfect eyesight. Sound may always be more acutely distinguished with one ear than the other. In this connection two are not as good as one. The nails of middle fingers grow the fastest, while those on thumbs are slowest in development. The nails of two fingers never progress with the same rapidity. In more than 50 per cent of people the left leg is shorter than the right one. The bones of an average human male weigh twenty pounds; a woman's skeleton scales six pounds lighter.—New York Press.

Surplusage.

Owen Wister, the novelist, was once criticising the work of a literary beginner.

"Now, here," said Mr. Wister, slashing his blue pencil through an entire manuscript page—"here is arrant superfluity and surplusage. In what way do these 400 words help your story? In no way. On the contrary, they hinder, they impede it. These written words are mere surplusage, as so many of our spoken words are mere surplusage. They resemble the useless questions that we ask.

"A man stood before a mirror in his room, his face lathered and an open razor in his hand.

"His wife came in. She looked at him and said:

"'Are you shaving?'

"The man, a foe to surplusage, replied fiercely:

"'No; I am blacking the kitchen range! Where are you—out driving or at a matinee?'"

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

VICTORY FROM DEFEAT.

Two Notable Instances in the War Record of Great Britain.

Only on one occasion has a British force offered terms amounting to surrender before the commencement of an action, but this is what the Black Prince felt himself obliged to do by the overwhelming forces of the French before the battle of Poitiers. So certain did he consider defeat to be that he actually offered to give up all the plunder he had taken, disband the greater part of his force and give an undertaking not to fight against the French for seven years, and so confident were the French that they refused these terms. The result was one of the most brilliant victories that adorn the British arms.

In modern times the victory of Albuera, in the peninsular war, is another instance of apparent defeat being turned into victory. After the charge of the French hussars and Polish lancers all seemed lost. Ammunition was failing, a deep gully prevented the use of the bayonet, and Beresford was preparing for retreat when the valor of Colonel Hardinge saved the day. The battle, which lasted only four hours, was the scene of terrible carnage, and when it was over the so far victorious French were driven headlong down the hill, on the summit of which 1,500 unwounded men, the remnant of 7,500 unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant. —London Spectator.

FEMININE HEROISM.

Women Have Often Fought in Defense of Their Native Towns.

During the oppression of the Netherlands by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century it was no uncommon event for women to fight in defense of their native town. When in 1572 Don Frederic at the head of a large army besieged Haarlem, among the garrison that defended the town were 300 women. Their chief was a widow of distinguished family, about forty-seven years of age, who, at the head of her amazons, participated in many of the most fiercely contested actions of the siege.

Seven years later, at the siege of Maestricht, the women were of great assistance in making mines, enrolling themselves into companies under the direction of officers, or "mine mistresses," as they were called. The service they rendered was inestimable.

At the capitulation of the Spaniards from the walls of Alkmaar women and even children showed a like courage, assisting their husbands and fathers in the desperate defense. History, indeed, gives many examples of such heroism, among which may be mentioned the brave conduct of the women at the defense of Sarragossa in 1808, when they took the place of their slain husbands or brothers at the cannon side.—Blackwood's Magazine.

BEGGARS IN ITALY.

Their Game Seems to Be a Pretty Hard One to Beat.

It is hard to beat the beggar game in Italy. A fleet footed urchin and his maiden fell into a fox trot by the side of the carriage.

"Look, noble gentleman," he began; "look, beautiful lady! See the little ragazza—the poor girl—have pity on her! See, noble signore, you cannot refuse to give her something—your heart is too good—you are too generous, too noble, too handsome, to refuse. Have pity on her dreadful state, for look—she has one gray eye and one black one."

We stopped the carriage. It was true. The maiden had, indeed, particolored eyes, in addition to which she rejoiced in a most appalling squint. I gave her one copper. Hereupon her escort set up a howl at being ignored.

"But why should you have anything?" I asked.

"You ought to give me two coppers," he replied, with a twinkle, "for I have two blacks eyes, and she has only one."

I was vanquished. I gave him his two coppers. I don't believe in beggars, but I think he earned them.—"A Levantine Log Book," by Jerome Hart.

Hired Mourners.

"It pays to be a mourner in St. Petersburg, and there are agencies which employ great numbers of vagrants and tramps for the purpose," says a writer. "These agencies supply suitable clothing and pocket handkerchiefs—everything, in fact, except boots, which the tramp must show on his feet or he will not be hired. When there is a more or less important funeral the tramps gather at the Nikolski market and are selected by an employee of the agency. The wage for the occasion, with tips, generally equals about 3 shillings."—London Mail.

Their Quarrels.

Mrs. Edgerton Blunt—But why did you leave your last place? Applicant—I couldn't stand the way the mistress and master used to quarrel, mum. Mrs. Edgerton Blunt (shocked)—Dear me! Did they quarrel much, then? Applicant—Yes, mum; when it wasn't me an' 'im it was me an' 'er.

Warned in Time.

Kudley—Why didn't you introduce me to that stunning Miss Peches when you were with her on the avenue yesterday? Didn't you see me speak to you as I passed? Kandor—Yes, but Miss Peches saw you and spoke to me first.—Philadelphia Press.

Very Different.

Merchant—I thought you told me he was a man of very good character? Quibbel—You must have misunderstood me. I said he was a man of good reputation.—Exchange.

The attachments of mere mirth are but the shadows of that true friendship of which the sincere affections of the heart are the substance.—Burton.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

AN IMPRESSION OF MOSCOW.

Vasili Siretdiward Arnold Thought of the Russian City.

Now years ago I forget the impression made by the first sight of that unique, grotesque, savagely beautiful and strangely barbarous heart and center and glory of Moscow. As one sees it turn the corner into the Red square you find yourself not in any European city, but rather in Samarkand, Bokhara, Mery or that fantastic capital which Kubla Khan upreared in Xanadu.

You enter through the Gate of the Redeemer, a red tower with grass green spire and pinnacle, and on its face hangs the sacred picture called "The Saviour of Smolensk," before which every passerby salutes, for the Tartars broke their scaling ladders trying to tear it down, and the French burst their cannon in trying to batter it to pieces.

Within the walls beyond stands the tall tower of Ivan the Great, with the bold Slavonic inscription round the base of its cupola telling how it was built. In its upper gallery hangs a bell of sixty-five tons that is a mere infant compared with Czar Kolokol, the King of all bells, which stands cracked and gaping at its foot. Behind it is the Cathedral of the Assumption, in which the czar was crowned, and near at hand are the cathedrals of the Archangel Michael and of the Annunciation, the shrines where nearly all the czars of old have been christened or crowned or buried.

Beyond the majesty of their marble and gold, the gorgeous emblazonry of their mosaics, you reach the vast rose tinted modern palace of the Kremlin itself, containing the famous halls of St. George and of St. Vladimir among its 700 sumptuous galleries and chambers and its staircase that only imperial feet have ever trod.

Throughout the oriental features of domes and cupolas are curiously blended with Byzantine frescoes and mosaics with an effect of entrancing and bewildering color. A very forest of marvelous form and hue fills the open air. The golden domes gleam like so many suns. The cupolas flash with sea green or sapphire, with saffron, purple and vermilion.

The bejeweled roofs of palace, church and gateway make stars of splendid glory against the sky, and pinnacles lining with golden chains and topped with glittering crosses, crescents, shining saints, gleaming golden eagles, load the scene with barbaric splendor and almost weary the eye with superstitious magnificence for this, as Mme. de Staël has said—this is "the Tartar Rome."

Russians very rightly regard the Kremlin as their holy of holies, and what Moscow is to Russia that to Moscow is the Kremlin, not of an age so great as many shrines of history, containing nothing, perhaps, of the very highest antiquity, but richer in associations and in the diversity of its relics than any other place of equal size, for it is here, as their poet Medick wrote, that "the great Russian eagle raised its aerie and spread its immense protecting wings over an enormous empire."—"Works of Sir Edwin Arnold."

Why He Was Embarrassed.

An attractive and altogether "lonny" young business woman came to Philadelphia with a large stock of propriety and a small amount of practical knowledge of the world to carve out her fortune after passing her girlhood days in Edinburgh and London. Although without any undue amount of self consciousness or egotism, she is sometimes annoyed by the very evident admiration she attracts in public places. The other day while dining in a restaurant she fancied that the man opposite was preparing to speak to her, as he glanced her way and seemed to be making up his mind to open a conversation. The young woman assumed a most frigid air and looked as unapproachable as the arctic pole. The man, as he left the table made one more half hearted attempt to speak, blushed red to his ears, then hurried away. When the young woman finished her luncheon and called for her check the waitress amazed her by exclaiming: "Why, I thought you were with that gentleman. I put your check and his together." The bill had naturally been settled.—Philadelphia Record.

The Art of Cross Examination.

A Devonshire architect was a witness in a county court dispute as to "ancient lights." The gentleman in question deposed that the light alleged to have been diminished was really as good as ever, and in proof of his assertion he said he went to the locus in quo with a very small print book and could read it easily.

Up rose counsel in cross examination, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Have you it?" Witness—Yes.

"What is it?" "The New Testament."

"What part of it did you read?" Witness—We unto you also, ye lawyers." (St. Luk. xi. 46).

And I suppose the cross examination came to a speedy close.—Sheffield Independent.

A Garden in a Tub.

Water lilies in tubs are better than nothing at all. A kerosene barrel sawed in half will furnish two tubs, each big enough for one plant. The tubs should be well washed out and soaked for some time in water in order to remove as much as possible of the oil and the juice which is put on to render the vessel tight. Three or four days to a week will suffice for this.

It will be better, though not essential, to have the tub sunk about half its depth in the earth so as to keep the roots cool. Though the leaves and flowers love sunshine, the black ooze in which the roots naturally live is always cool.—Garden Magazine.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

THE SENSE OF SMELL.

Gas, Accordi[illegible] to a Scientist, Is Its Fun[illegible] basis.

Is the sense o[illegible] excited by gases or particles? According to Dr. John Aitken, an English specialist, gas is the fundamental basis of the sense of smell. In experiments he first investigated musk, of which it is possible to detect by smell a microscopic quantity inconceivably minute, a fact well known to scientists. Dr. Aitken carried out his researches upon the cloudy condensation basis, according to which, if odors are attributable to particles, the latter form nuclei of cloudy condensation in supersaturated air and thus make their presence visible.

In the case of musk no such nuclei were detected, proving that musk does not give off solid particles, but evaporates as a gas or vapor, and that it is gaseous particles from the musk that act on the sense of smell. Of twenty-three other odorous substances not one gave its perfume in solid particles, nothing but gases or vapors escaping from them.

Dr. Aitken points out that the nostrils appear to substantiate this theory. The perfume of snuff, for instance, is a soft, velvety sensation, while the effect of the solid is sharp and biting, more allied to pain than pleasure.

HAND MYSTERIES.

Man's "Lesser Side" Works to Keep the "Stronger Side" Free.

A group of men, which included a salesman for a Chicago cigar house, stood talking near the news stand in a hotel when the subject of cigars came up.

"Say, Stribben," said one of the men, "you're a cigar salesman. Tell me why it is that all smokers hold their cigars to the left side of the mouth."

"They don't," replied Stribben—"that is, all don't. It is only the right handed men who do. Left handed men hold their cigars in the right side of the mouth. The reason, I have been told, is this: It is natural with all men to make their lesser side do what work it can to keep their stronger side free that it may meet emergencies. If a man has a package to carry he holds it in his left hand if he is right handed; if he is left handed he holds it in his right hand. In either case the hand he has the most confidence in is free for emergency use. This same idea he stretches to cover the muscles of his lips. It isn't the possibility that he may need the muscles on the right side for emergency use that makes the right handed man hold his cigar in the left side of his mouth—it's just that idea about his whole lesser side that makes him do it."—Denver Post.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

The Hardest to Make Are Orchids and American Beauty Roses.

The orchid and American Beauty rose are the two most difficult flowers to make. A skilled worker can construct only about six American Beauty roses in one day, and this number only when the leaves and petals are all ready to put together. The small flowers, like the jasmine, are also difficult to make, and only skilled hands can be intrusted with this work. The majority of the small and delicately made flowers imported for millinery uses are made in the prisons of France. The work of making flowers is pleasant and for skilled hands lucrative, the girls receiving all the way from $3 a week for beginners to $25 for the best workers. Much of the finer grades is given out for home work, women and girls taking huge loaves of flower petals and leaves to put together. One market for artificial flowers is that of the harnessmakers, who order bunches of violets and other small flowers and resell them to grooms for the decoration of their horses on tallyho trips and other gala occasions. Many of the handsome corsage bouquets of orchids and violets so much admired at the theater and opera are artificial.—Leslie's Weekly.

A Disgusted Musician.

Conductor Gericke, known as the "human metronome," had been giving a Wagner programme. After the concert one of the trombone players was heard to say to a fellow musician, "Well, I am going to quit." "Are you daffy?" said his friend. "What's the matter?" "Well, it's just this: In that Tristan und Isolde number I momentarily forgot the technics of my instrument, got enthusiastic, filled my lungs for that magnificent passage for the brass, when up goes that fatal left hand, so I had to swallow my enthusiasm—and wind too. If I don't quit I am either going to burst or die of tuberculosis."

A Funny Misprint.

One of the most ludicrous announcements that ever appeared perhaps was made by a London newspaper in the earlier half of the last century to the effect that Sir Robert Peel "and a party of friends were shooting peasants in Ireland." The words misprinted, of course, were "friends" and "pheasants."

A Matter of Money.

"Would you marry a woman who had sued another man for breach of promise?"

"Well, it would depend largely on how much the jury had compelled him to pay her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Was Ready.

"What a loud peal that is at the doorbell."

"Yes; Mr. Catchem is coming this evening. I rather think that is my engagement ring."—Baltimore American.

Happy the man who early learns the wide chasm that lies between his wishes and his powers.—Goethe.

Novelty Restaurant
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

HEART OF LOUIS XIV.

How It Came to Be Buried in Westminster Abbey.

A remarkable story regarding the heart of Louis XIV. and how it came to be buried in Westminster abbey was told in London Truth by Henry Labouchere, who said the story was told to him by the late Colonel Harcourt and was confirmed by his brother, the late Sir William Harcourt. A Harcourt who lived during the first French revolution had many connections in France and [illegible] many of the emigrés [illegible]. Among them was the canon of St. [illegible]. On leaving the canon expressed his thanks for the kindly hospitality of his host and produced from his pocket something that looked like a piece of dried leather and handed it to [illegible] in the strictest confidence [illegible] the heart of Louis XIV. [illegible] was brought out for his inspection. He was then very old and had some reputation as a man of science, and the scientific spirit moved him to wet his finger and rub it on the heart. He put the finger to his mouth after that, and before he could be stopped he put the heart into his mouth and swallowed it, whether by accident or design will never be known. Very shortly afterward he died and was buried in Westminster abbey. It is impossible he could ever have digested the thing. Consequently the heart of Louis XIV. must now be reposing in Westminster abbey inclosed in the body of an English dean.

Odicial Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. K. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bond, Jr. Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Maison, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Cammell Kane; J. M. McKinney, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chance, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Doyle, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayes, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—[illegible] McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hugberg, Jno. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. P. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—E. J. K[illegible] R. C. Gra[illegible]
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Aiple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, sec'y; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—E. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Cu[illegible], A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. [illegible]
Inspectors of Election—L. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. [illegible] meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 34, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 132, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
T. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
Miss. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
Mrs. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect Jan. 1, 1905.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg, 10:10 a. m. week days.

For Lorraine, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 9:03 p. m. week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at
7:40 a. m. for Bradford and Kane via B. R. & P. and Pennsylvania Div. P. R. R.
9:25 a. m. for Bradford via B. R. & P.
11:25 a. m. for Bradford via B. B. & K. and Pittsburg via B. R. & P.
2:55 p. m. for Bradford and Kane via B. B. & K. and Buffalo via B. R. & P.
4:40 p. m. for Bradford and Kane via B. R. & P. and Dalton via B. R. & P.
5:37 p. m. for Bradford via B. R. & P.

Trains arrive at Smethport at
8:45 a. m. from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a. m. from Buffalo.
12:45 p. m. from Buffalo and Kane.
3:55 p. m. from Bradford and Pittsburg.
5:45 p. m. from Bradford.
8:45 p. m. from Punxsutawney and Kane.

C. H. G. EASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 2nd, 1905. Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route, daily except Sunday at 7:00 a. m., 12:00 p. m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:20	4:35	
Mt. Jewett	8:15	1:35	6:15
Kane	8:25	2:55	6:55
Leave	**a. m.**	**p. m.**	**p. m.**
Bradford	7:00	4:35	
Kane	7:00	10:15	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:34	11:28	5:06
	a. m.		

Arriving at Smethport at 8:45 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 9:30 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l. Supt. Bradford.
R. S. BELLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Nov. 28, 1905
MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
	6:55	5:10	Hornellsville	Ar 9:30	5 00	
	6:50	5:00	Arkport		9:25	5:05
			Burns			
	6:47	4:50	Hornellsville Jc		9:14	5:07
	6:37	4:32	Canisteo		9:07	5:00
	6:30	4:25	Greenwood		9:02	3:55
	7:10	4:50	Arkona		8:48	5:16
	7:59	9:17	Lindley		8:20	1:57
	7:51	9:10	Angelica		8:05	4:03
	8:22	9:40	Friendship		7:37	4:05
	8:54	10:45	Bolivar	Lv 7:05	3:23	
5:40		11:30	Olean		2:32	10:23
6:27			Eldred			9:36
6:50			Larabee			9:28
7:15			Smethport			9:02
8:00			Mt. Jewett			8:10
8:50		L 7:28	St. Marys		Ar 7:30	10:20
		10:05	Shawmut		7:11	
		Ar 10:42	Brockwayville		Lv 6:36	
P M	P M	A M			A M	P M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
3:30	11:00	7:00	Wayland	Ar 10:35	3:02	6:58
3:36	11:06	7:25	Perkinsville	10:30	2:56	6:52
3:43	11:13	7:32	Rogersville	10:22	2:49	6:46
3:47	11:17	7:36	Stony Brook	10:18	2:45	6:41
4:00	11:30	7:49	Hornellsville Jc	10:05	2:32	6:29
P M	A M	A M	Burns		P M	P M
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport	9:51	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:09	Hornellsville	Lv 9:41	2:10	6:04
P M	A M	A M			A M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
L—leave; A—arrive; f—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS.	Lv Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Lv	A.M.	P.M.	A.M
8.05	7.25	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.05
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.12
7.46	o	1.57	Carpenter	o	2.33	9
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.34	2.37	9.20
7.37	6.45	1.50	Newfield Junc	7.37	2.40	9.24
o	o	1.45	Newfield	7.40	2.40	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.4
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.53	9.4
5.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.16
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	o	1.05	N. Couds'pt	8	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.26	6.00	1.26
o	2	12.13	Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.57
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.25	o	11.41	Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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THE FROZEN ROSE

By M. J. PHILLIPS

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When Gordon was sixteen years old when the Spanish-American war broke out, and a more ardent little patriot did not live in Huntersville. It was natural that she should love her country. Her father and grandfather had fought for the Union in the civil war, and on the bright April morning in 1898, when the Huntersville rifles marched away to join the balance of the regiment at the state rendezvous, her brother, scarce three years her senior, was in its ranks. Furthermore, Boyd McCarron also wore the blue and as first duty sergeant stepped off blithely at the head of the sturdy column of fours.

McCarron and March had been friends and comrades all their lives. Their mutual liking was trembling on the verge of something deeper and more enduring when the declaration of war swept the young man away to the camp where the state troops were fitted for the coming campaign.

McCarron, who had been clerk in Brown's clothing store, was a fine, manly young fellow and a natural soldier. He liked the pomp and circumstance of war, the drilling, the music, the thrilling pause at "retreat," when every head was bared in reverence while the colors were slowly lowered and the band swung into "The Star Spangled Banner." He liked the stirring notes of "reveille" and the unconscious pathos of "taps," which made one think of home and of his prayers. He rejoiced that he was in this brave, gay world of tents and of it. He thought of March often, with a tilting of the pulses. The air castles which he sometimes constructed were always built for two, and the confessions of the editor was always "after the war."

But McCarron was destined never to see Cuba. The rifles had been at the rendezvous two months, arming, equipping and drilling for actual service. The day the regiment was to entrain the mails of soldiers of the United States, to serve for two years unless sooner discharged, he received a telegram announcing that his father, a railway conductor, had been killed in a wreck.

The blow which followed was filled with keenest agony. Grief for his father's death was mingled with sorrow scarcely less poignant that he must give up his place in the ranks.

His mother and himself were now absolutely alone in the world. Her health was not strong. Their little home was mortgaged. Inclination pointed one way, duty the other, and duty won. At the very hour the Huntersville rifles took the oath McCarron, though with them in spirit, stepped from the train at his home city a civilian.

A few persons understood and admired him for the course, so eloquent of moral courage, which he had adopted. Their approbation did not counterbalance the sneers of many who regarded the young man as a coward. Brown, proprietor of the store, was a sensible man. Hysteria did not pass as patriotism with him. Despite the clamoring of those who insisted that McCarron for running away from the enemy's bullets should be driven from town he gave the boy his old place.

The cloud in time passed. Saner judgment convinced most persons they were wrong in branding McCarron as a poltroon. When the company, sadly decimated, returned from Cuba after the war the soldiers had nothing but good words for the man who had been their comrade. Gradually he won back his old place in the affection and esteem of his townsmen. He had withal two comforting remembrances—his mother appreciated with a gratitude that was pitiful the depth of his sacrifice and the mortgage had been lifted from their home.

March Gordon found in her erstwhile playmate a puzzle which time did not solve. The high spirited girl abhorred cowardice and could not believe that the boy who had been her companion could be base. Over and over again she convinced herself that he was straightforward, brave and manly; that he had come home because his conscience had shown him it was the only thing to do. And, while she hated herself for it, a doubt always crept into her reasoning, a doubt she could not dispel.

The love for McCarron which had been on the verge of disclosing itself to her maiden soul was arrested by the persistent distrust. It was like a rosebud—frozen as it was about to unfold its glorious bloom and fragrance. It did not decay, and it could not develop. The icy grip checked one as it prevented the other. The girl had admirers in plenty, for she was light hearted and good to look upon. Yet none made any impression, for the steadfast heart could love but once; the stem hold but a single rose.

She knew that McCarron's love was hers, hers alone, and that with him, too, there never would be any one else. They met frequently as friends, but ever in his eyes was the dumb, unconscious hope she dared not encourage; in her eyes the query he could not answer.

She sat by the window of her home one afternoon in early winter watching the first snowfall of the season. Little drifts were forming here and there on the dusty pavement. The boys of the neighborhood, radiant with health and animal spirits, welcomed the snow with wild rejoicing.

They were dancing in a circle on the tracks of the electric line. Her heart gave a little throb as McCarron appeared, strolling along townward. He seemed to enjoy breasting the wind. His head was up and his broad shoulders back.

A smile on his fine face, he stopped a moment to watch the boys at their play. The early darkness of winter, already beginning to thicken, and the shouts of joyous young America prevented sight or sound of a heavy car until it was almost upon the merry circle.

Then the boys fled in panic, all but one little lad, who slipped on the smooth wet bricks and sprawled helpless across the rail. The motorman banged the gong and twisted the brake frantically, but the momentum of the car still carried it forward at cruel speed.

With a sudden sick horror and yet with a thrill of joy, too, March, straining her eyes through the gloom, saw McCarron dart from the walk into the street, saw him brush the little figure clear of the rails and then go down himself beneath the rush of the car.

She must have fainted in her chair, for the next she remembered the room was full of men and McCarron, dusty, bruised and senseless, lay on the couch beside her. Old Dr. Giddings in tones of professional cheerfulness was speaking to her father. "Unconscious just now, of course, but he's not dangerously hurt. A broken leg is the worst of his injuries. I never saw a bolder act, and I'm more than happy it isn't going to cost him his life."

The frozen rose fell forth in March's heart and burst its icy bonds of doubt as McCarron's brave deed and blackened, in splendor on the instant. She dropped on her knees by the couch and kissed McCarron's blood stained lips.

Quickening fires lit by the caress, his eyelids fluttered, opened. He fixed a glance of wonder, then comprehension, on the girl. "This has given me your pity, Marcy, at last," he whispered.

The reflections expressing so much of contentment and affection and the old dear name of childhood caused the ready tears to overflow. "Not pity, Boyd," she answered, "not pity, dear heart, but love!"

SAW HIM BRUSH THE LITTLE FIGURE CLEAR OF THE RAILS.

The Fur Trade.

The fur trade of North America has always been largely conducted on the principle of barter, writes Duncan MacArthur in the New England Magazine. The transactions with the Indians are carried on in a very simple manner. When a hunter brings in his collection of furs to any trading post, which he usually does twice a year, in October and March, he is taken to the trading room, where the official in charge carefully examines, classifies and values each skin, and when the whole pack is gone over he hands the Indian a number of tallies, or small pieces of wood or metal, each representing the value of a "made beaver," and the whole representing the value of the entire catch. The Indian then proceeds to the storeroom and selects such articles as he requires—blankets, capots, guns, knives, tea, tobacco, etc.—in payment for which he hands back his tallies until they are all gone and his purchasing powers are exhausted. He then departs, another hunter takes his place and is dealt with in a similar manner, and so on until all the furs in possession of the whole band of Indians have passed into the hands of the trader. Formerly it was customary to give a good "mate's dram" and some small presents in appreciation of his industry.

Great Grief and Head Shaving.

Among the incidents shaving the head was a very common mode of expressing great grief or sorrow. Sometimes it was done by the priest or some other religious functionary formally cutting off the hair, sometimes by violently plucking it out by the roots. In extreme cases among men the beard as well as the hair was either cut off or plucked out. The idea seems to have been that mourners should divest themselves of that which under ordinary circumstances was considered most beautiful, ornamental and becoming. Lucian (and he is not the only one who gives points on this queer mourning custom) says that the Egyptians expressed their intense sorrow by cutting off the hair upon the death of their god Apis and that the Syrians acted in the same manner at the death of Adonis. Olympiadorus remarks concerning Job 1, 20, that the ancients among whom long hair was regarded as an ornament cut it off in times of mourning, but that those who commonly wore it short suffered it upon such occasions to grow long.

GETS PLENTY OF LIGHT.

One Hotel Guest Who Travels Prepared For Emergencies.

"I came on a friend at one of the New York hotels the other day," said a man, "and found him in a room that was far, far away from daylight. There was one electric light, which did not make the apartment lustrous. We had some papers to look over, and I instinctively moved over near the air shaft window.

"'I can do better than that,' he said, going to his satchel and taking out an electric bulb. 'I carry this around with me for just such occasions,' he laughed. 'That one does well enough for transient guests who are not in their rooms except to sleep, but sometimes I need more than sixteen candlepower, and I carry a thirty-two.'

"He unscrewed the sixteen, and in a jiffy had on his thirty-two. The current was there, all right, and we had no more trouble about too little light. Later he showed me a large gas tip which he carried along for hotels that used gas instead of electric light. This needed a pair of pliers in addition, but he had them in his small box, and he told me it was a mighty poor quality of gas and a powerful low pressure that wouldn't respond with the goods when he put on his accommodation tip. There is nothing crafty about that little scheme possibly, but just the same he is getting something the landlord is paying for."—New York Press.

ST. PETERSBURG.

The Terrors of Its Climate in the Spring and Autumn.

"There is something repulsive in the climate of St. Petersburg in the early spring and autumn," says a writer, "when the thermometer often falls 30 degrees in a few hours, when the roads are ankle deep in snow broth or mud, when the winds blow raw and cold from every quarter of the compass and the quick moving droskies shower the abominations of the roads impartially upon noble and peasant. It is no consolation to the visitor to know that the Neva is sealed by ice early in November or late in October. Long indeed before the frost king has stalked down to the latitude of St. Petersburg the lordly river is completely blocked. Great ice sheets from stormy Ladoga flood down the current. They crash against the mighty fortresses of the bridges, cling to the banks and gradually accumulate until the whole length of the river, which drives the greatest lake in Europe with the gulf of Finland is covered with the coat of ice. The ice is nearly two yards thick. A glance every conceivable angle. It is a strange sight, this broad stretch of water, impassable and icebound, while the temperature of the surrounding country is often many degrees above freezing point."

PELICAN ISLAND.

Home of All the Pelicans of the East Coast of Florida.

In that long, narrow lagoon on the east coast of Florida known as Indian river there is a muddy islet three or four acres in extent. Originally it doubtless did not differ from hundreds of similar neighboring islets, but, for some reason just finding out, this islet, and this alone, forms the nesting resort, the home, of all the pelicans of the Indian river, if not, indeed, of the east coast of Florida. The brown pelican, unlike its white cousin, nests normally in low trees and bushes, and there is evidence that when the original pelican colonists landed on the islet which now bears their name it was well grown with black and red mangroves, in which the birds placed their scaffolding of sticks. Exceptionally low temperature and high water—perhaps also excessive use by the birds, which sometimes build as many as seven nests in a single mangrove—have killed tree after tree, until at present only three serviceable trees remain. Still the birds come back, the impelling motive which prompts them to return to this particular spot being evidently stronger than that which induced them to nest in trees.—Frank M. Chapman in Century.

Two Kinds of Ambition.

Men have two kinds of ambition, one for dollar making, the other for life making. Some turn all their ability, education, health and energy toward the first of these, dollar making, and call the result success. Others turn them toward the second—into character, usefulness, helpfulness—life making, and the world sometimes calls them failures, but history calls them successes. No price is too great to pay for an unburnished name.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

His Usury.

"Now, Willie," said the boy's mother, "before you go to sleep you must try to recall any little sin you committed during the day and be truly sorry for it." "Yes, ma'am," replied Willie, "I guess I was guilty of usury, for one thing." "Usury?" "Yes'm; I found a nickel and used it."—Philadelphia Press.

A Rule of Life.

In all the affairs of life let it be your great care not to hurt your mind or offend your judgment. And this rule, if observed carefully in all your department, will be a mighty security to you in your undertakings.—Epictetus.

Example.

One watch set right will do to set many by. One that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood, and the same may be said of example.—Dilwin.

The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture.—Lamb.

Painting Winona

By ETHEL BARRINGTON

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Against the autumnal yellow and crimson glory of the maples the girl's golden hair and dull red dress made a harmonious picture. Wilfred Clay artist, brought his wheel to a sudden stop, wondering if he ever had seen anything so exquisite before. Surely it was toward this that he had been journeying, this wonderful breathing picture. Already he mentally planned the blendings of madder and lakes, of chromes and yellow, to reproduce the charm as, steadying his wheel against a rock, he climbed the bank.

"Is there any place near by where I can put up for a few days?" he inquired, standing bareheaded before the vision.

"Folks sometimes stay at the farmhouses."

"Any you particularly recommend?"

"None," was the laconic answer. The young fellow laughed, noting the discontent that dimmed the girl's real beauty. "How about that one?" indicating a red chimney that showed among the trees.

"I live there. It's no worse than the rest."

"It has attractions that the others lack," he declared gallantly, but the compliment flew wide of its aim. "Will you accompany me to present my case?"

Silently the girl acquiesced, keeping a little in advance; then, suddenly waiting for him to join her, she began to talk rapidly. Her eyes never wavered from the advancing figure of a man, a farmer from his dress, who with a switch lashed moodily at the goldenrod and passed without a word, the rising color above the loose collar alone betraying his consciousness of their presence. After he had gone the girl fell again into silence.

She left the artist on the wide porch and sent her mother to interview the stranger. Clay promptly accepted the terms and was soon smoking in homelike ease, wondering how he might persuade the girl to let him paint her, his fingers already itching to be at work.

During supper, which he shared with the family, Clay endeavored to draw Winona—he had discovered that to be her name—into conversation, but she repelled such advances with monosyllables. One of her brothers chaffed her on her ill humor, arousing her to sharp retort, whereat he laughed roughly.

"Fortune's spoiled sis's temper. Funny how some folks can't stand good luck."

Later Clay found her leaning against the trellis where the vines still clung.

"I congratulate you on being an heiress. Independence is not the least gift that riches confer."

The girl raised her head rebelliously. "Why should Aunt Liza give me her money? I don't want it. I hardly ever saw her and cared less. What right had she to spoil my life?" Her voice vibrated with resentment, and a low whistle escaped Clay.

"Truly an unusual view to take. If you are in trouble possibly I can help you. I'd like to try."

Winona shook her head. "Guess no one can."

"What about the fellow we met?" A chance shot, but it made the color surge painfully to the girl's face, though she kept silent.

"I stayed over to paint a picture," proceeded the artist, abruptly changing the topic. "I'm going to try for the riotous splendor of a New England fall, and—I want you in the shadow of the maples—just as you were today."

"If it depends on me you may as well give up your picture."

"It would mean a good deal to me."

"I don't hold with such," returned the girl indifferently and went indoors. Musing, Clay continued to pull at his brier. It took a good deal to discourage him. The subject was an inspiration. He would paint now as before he only dreamed of doing. On the morrow he would sketch the girl from memory—her pose and coloring were photographed on his brain—and then go to work on the background.

But as the week passed he found himself no nearer his object. Winona, who now conversed on ordinary topics, was dumb when he advanced the picture, nor did he gain in her confidence regarding her personal affairs. It was from her mother, Mrs. Eager, that he learned the facts.

Previous to her aunt's death Winona had "kept company" the local phraseology for courtship, with Keith Adams, but there had been no formal engagement, for which fact the mother now rejoiced, as with her improved prospects the girl might do much better. Mrs. Eager herself had privately administered some broad hints to the aspiring farmer, which he had apparently accepted. Did Winona care? Well, she supposed that Winona thought she did, but she was young enough to have a dozen fancies before coming into control of her money. It was her duty to marry well and help her brothers and sisters.

"I'm told you are not ambitious," remarked Clay that evening, causing Winona to flare up unexpectedly.

"I want nothing but to be let alone. If I had the money now I'd give it to you—to any one—who'd go away and never let me hear of it again." Her voice choked suddenly, and, covering her face, she sobbed with an abandon and passion that Clay never had seen before.

He felt uncomfortable, like all men when confronted with women's tears. But he wanted to help her. Above all things he wanted his picture. Impulsively he whispered a suggestion, a hint for their mutual benefit. At first she made no sign of having heard, but finally, by little signs, grew calm and in the half light caught eagerly at his hands.

"You are right, of course," she cried. "Who ever won anything by moping?"

When she retired Clay sat lost in meditation. "It's playing with fire, but the picture's worth it," was his verdict.

From that night the girl's demeanor changed. During the long autumn days she posed for the painter beneath the maples and chatted gayly with him at dusk on the porch, but always where her red gown might be seen by one passing on the road. Her mother smiled knowingly at the neighborly gossip that reached her ear.

Meanwhile the picture grew, and Clay knew it was the best he ever had done, though the exquisite hints of the girlish face were his despair, and the sweet companionship caused the memory of a certain compact to dim.

Each day the young farmer passed and repassed, and the more depressed he seemed the more gayly Winona's laugh pursued him on his way.

One morning Clay was putting finishing touches on the foliage when a shadow darkened his canvas. Glancing up, expecting Winona, who was to join him, he encountered the angry gaze of Keith Adams. For a moment neither spoke; then all the pent up jealousy and rage broke forth in the lover.

"How dare you paint her, making her name and face alike common?"

"Who are you?" inquired Clay coolly.

"I speak as man to man," replied the other. "She's nothing but a child, for all her years. Leave her alone."

"I think I've helped her," remarked Clay.

"Do you love her?" demanded Keith Adams. "Are you going to marry her?"

"What business is it of yours?"

The half smile in the artist's eye maddened Keith, and he gripped him savagely by the collar, thrusting his own face close.

"It's this much—that while I live no man shall slight that girl. I know you painting men. You think you own creation—believe yours free to take or leave and pay no price. That girl's name is being mixed with yours, and it's time for you to go unless you mean honest by her. Which is it to be?"

"What possible right have you to question?"

"What right?" cried Keith, his voice thick with passion. "What right! Why, I love her—do you understand? I love her."

"Then tell me so."

Keith dropped his hold, and, turning, the two men saw Winona close beside them, with all the witchery of love in her eyes. Clay spoke slowly, a grim acceptance of the inevitable hardening his face.

"It seems that my friendship has been questioned, Winona, so you must forgive me if I seem abrupt. Will you be my wife?"

"Hush!" cried the girl. "Don't spoil the kindest friendship that ever a girl had. It was not necessary between you and me," she added, with a laugh. Then, turning to the man of her choice, his name fell tenderly from her lips.

Clay considerately turned his back and, collecting his painting outfit, left them in the golden glory of the maples.

"It's a good thing the picture is about done." Then his mouth closed lugubriously as he went down the road alone.

Color Blind.

John Dalton, without whose discovery of the laws of chemical combination chemistry as an exact science could hardly exist, was wholly color blind. His knowledge of the fact came about by a happening of the sort which we call chance. On his mother's birthday, when he was a man of twenty-six, he took her a pair of stockings which he had seen in a shop window labeled, "Silk, the newest fashion."

"Thee has bought me a pair of grand hose, John," said the mother, "but what made thee fancy such a bright color? Why, I can never show myself at meeting in them."

John was much disconcerted, but he told her that he considered the stockings to be of a very proper go to meeting color, as they were a dark bluish drab.

"Why, they're red as a cherry, John," was her astonished reply.

Neither he nor his brother Jonathan could see anything but drab in the stockings, and they rested in the belief that the good wife's eyes were out of order until she, having consulted various neighbors, returned with the verdict, "Varra fine stuff, but uncommon scarlety."

The consequence was that John Dalton became almost the first to direct the attention of the scientific world to the subject of color blindness.

Can You Define Them?

How many people, even Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, can define the following words? To how many does any of the words convey a picture? Yet they were all of good usage in colonial days: Allibanies, balcony, bishops, baths, bouselair bonnets, mushmellon bonnets, whalebone bonnets, wagon bonnets, beehive bonnets, flap breeches, "Franklin's" (broadcloth breeches, lined with leather), iron busks, whalebone busks, conch shell buttons (Washington had a set), byrum, men's Newmarket caps, chapeau bras, caushets, chints, clocks, cushiloes, cuttanees, eau de Paris, chuckloes, dannador, dickmansoy, everlasting, florettes, greatcoat, gray duroy, gulix, roll up stockings, issing hams, buckabacks, Job's tears, kittisols, lemonees, moree, nafferman, saxling ham, side locks, skimmers, small cloths, spice, clim'd soosus, pack thread stays, stiffners, tandems, ticklenberg, tout ples, thrumbs, turketts, oiled linen, watchets, shagreen, etc.

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CONSUMPTION OF LIQUOR.

Norway Is the Least Intemperate of All the Nations.

Americans are only moderate drinkers compared with those of other countries. The average citizen of the United States, counting in the women and children (which is not fair, but serves for the moment as a basis to digress upon), consumes in the course of a year liquors which contain one and a third gallons of pure alcohol. But the Frenchman, who, though formerly one of the soberest, has become the worst drunkard in the world, absorbs annually three and a half gallons of alcohol. The Belgian and the Swiss come next, with a consumption of two and four-fifths gallons. Then follow the Spaniard with two and a third gallons, the Italian with just a trifle less, the Englishman and German with two and a tenth, and the Austro-Hungarians with about one and three-quarters gallons.

On the other hand, the American citizen by no means stands at the top of the list in respect to sobriety. The Swede drinks only one and a sixth gallons of pure alcohol in a year; the Hollander drops considerably below him with one gallon even; the relatively virtuous Russian, notwithstanding his much advertised addiction to vodka, absorbs only a trifle more than six-tenths of a gallon, and, finally, the Norwegian, who occupies a proud eminence as the most abstemious man in the world, barely exceeds a modest half gallon of the stuff in a twelvemonth's potations. It might be added for the sake of definiteness that the average person in the United States annually drinks one and a third gallons of proof spirits (which are 50 per cent alcohol), one-third of a gallon of wine and sixteen and a quarter gallons of malt liquors, chiefly beer.—Pearson's Magazine.

ECSTASIES OF MECCA.

Scene at the Annual Visitation of Mohammedan Pilgrims.

Mecca, at the season of the annual visitation of Mohammedan pilgrims, is thus described in Everybody's in "With the Pilgrims to Mecca," translated from the narrative of Ibn Jubayr, Al of Bandar Adus:

"Like a gigantic catafalque, somber, shrouded in mystery, the Kaaba rises out of the seething sea of white garbed humanity that crowds the great sacred square of Mecca. Its door is covered with plates of solid silver studded with silver nails. From the exterior of the roof, above a stone marking the sepulcher of Ishmael, which lies at the base of the northern wall, there projects a horizontal, semicircular rain spout five yards long, twenty-four inches wide, made of massive gold. Within the roof is supported by three columns of aloe wood; the walls are hung with red velvet filigreed with white squares in which are written in Arabic the words, 'Allah-Jal-Jelalah' ('Praise to God, the Almighty'). The building is packed with pilgrims, praying, wrestling, beside themselves in an ecstasy of passionate devotion. Mingled with their voices there rises from outside the chant of the Talbib, the song of the winding sheet, which every pilgrim must sing on entering Mecca, or doubling the sacred Thrane, on entering the Haram, and on starting for Mina, the valley of desire, and Arafat, the mountain of compassion."

Great In His Line.

Mr. Robert Barr once showed a portrait of Mark Twain to a silk merchant of Lyons. "Tell me who that is," Mr. Barr said. The merchant gazed at the portrait and answered, "I should say he was a statesman." "Supposing you wrong in that, what would be your next guess?" asked Mr. Barr. "If he is not a maker of history he is perhaps a writer of it; a great historian, probably. Of course it is impossible for me to guess accurately except by accident, but I use the adjective 'great' because I am convinced this man is great in his line, whatever it is. If he makes silk, he makes the best." Mr. Barr told the French merchant who the portrait represented and said, "You have summed him up in your last sentence."—London News.

Speaking of Ancestry.

Mr. Chase has such an exaggerated respect for the blue blood of Boston which runs in his veins that his manner is slightly patronizing. He was lately introduced to a Syrian of good birth and education who lives in this country.

"And may I inquire," he said blandly in the course of the conversation, "if you are of the Christian religion?"

"My family was converted to Christ's teaching at the time of John's second visit to Lebanon," quietly replied the Syrian.—Youth's Companion.

His Intellectual Size.

Cholly Nitwit—D'ye know, Miss Cutter, though I've only just met you, there seems to be a—er—sort of intellectual sympathy between us. You know just how to appeal to my tastes, you know. Are you a literary woman? Dolly Cutter—No. I'm a kindergarten teacher.—Cleveland Leader.

The Face.

If we could but read it every human being carries his life in his face and is good looking or the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work.—Alexander Smith.

Like the Stars.

She—You've been out every night since I married you, and you swore you would be as true as the stars above. He—Well, ain't the stars above out every night too?—Judge.

Inveterate, organic mistrust is always the result of bad education or ignorance.—Raymond.

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MYSTIFIED MR. LAYTON

By W. Crawford Sherlock

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With an impatient gesture Mr. Samuel Layton laid down his evening paper. "Hang it all, Fred and his wife are going away again! This is the third annual disappearance they have made, leaving town in the spring and not returning until fall. Where in creation do they go? Fred must make money somehow; he never asks me for a cent, and lives like a nabob during the winter. It's too much for me."

Mr. Layton frowned heavily as he concluded his soliloquy. His keen mind and indomitable will had enabled him to solve the difficult problems of life and had raised him from the plane of poverty to that of great wealth. Notwithstanding his shrewdness, however, he had not been able to fathom the secret of his son's ways and means.

Fred Layton had finished his college course and gained renown on the gridiron and in other athletic sports, but he had failed utterly in his studies and had announced his intention of marrying Miss Edna Morris, a pretty girl, but decidedly poor.

But Mr. Layton had planned that his son should wed the daughter of his partner, Miss Mattie Walton, and thus succeed to great wealth and the entire control of an established business. This difference of opinion between father and son led to a stormy interview, during which Mr. Layton declared that if Fred married Miss Morris the parental purse would be closed against him forever. With a shrug of his broad shoulders, the young man had intimated that he could take care of himself and did not propose to ask his father for financial aid.

A month later the young people were quietly married. They established themselves in a cozy little flat in a fashionable neighborhood. They lived well, dressed well, entertained their friends and to all appearances were prosperous.

Mr. Layton naturally thought this condition of affairs could not last, and he smiled grimly as he thought of the conditions he would make when his son came to him for aid. As the

"I WOULD LIKE TO"—MR. LAYTON STOPPED SUDDENLY.

months passed by without such an appeal the old gentleman grew more and more mystified.

He made many inquiries as to his son's source of revenue, but only discovered that when Fred and his wife returned from their summer outing they brought back a snug sum in cash with them. Mr. Layton scanned the papers diligently to find out where they went, he inquired at the postoffice for their summer address and even telephoned to the owner of the flat, but no knowledge could be gained. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Layton disappeared as completely for a time as if the earth had swallowed them.

The father grew restless and nervous, his digestion became impaired and he went from place to place upon the plea of regaining his health, but in reality in the hope of solving the mystery about his son. All in vain.

"I can't stand this any longer, doctor," declared Mr. Layton one day when his physician called. "I must find out where Fred goes and what he does. I suppose it is mere curiosity, but I must fathom the boy's secret. I've been used to solving problems and can't endure failure."

"I'm sorry I can't help you, Mr. Layton," replied Dr. Brooks, "but if you don't stop this roving about from place to place, eating all sorts of food, you'll be dead in another year. Go up to the Mont Alta House, in the Alleghenies and stay a month. I was there last year, and the table was excellent and the air and water are life giving."

"The Mont Alta," repeated Mr. Layton. "I've heard of the place, but it didn't amount to much a few years ago."

"It's under a new management now," returned the doctor, "and is a strictly first class house."

The Mont Alta House was even more than Dr. Brooks had said. The table was so excellent and agreed with Mr. Layton so well that he became robust again. Upon one thing he resolved, and that was to secure the chef of the house if that person could be had for money. Accordingly he sent for the chef.

"I would like to"— Mr. Layton stopped suddenly and stared hard at the chef; then the light of recognition came into his face. "So this is the way you make a living, you young rascal. Aren't you ashamed to disgrace me by doing such work?"

"Not a bit," returned Fred Layton coolly, taking an easy chair and surveying his father with an amused smile. "It was the only thing I could do that paid decently. My wife and I leased the place, and she looks after the upstairs, while I boss the kitchen. We've done pretty well and expect to buy the place this year. I have an option on it."

"Suppose your fashionable friends had seen you in your present costume. What then?" sneered the old gentleman.

"Well, they didn't, father," Fred replied, "so there's no use guessing what I would have done. I changed my name to Lataine, however, to save your pride if I were discovered."

"Well, I'm glad you had enough sense to do that." Mr. Layton's tone was more pleasant. "How in the world did you learn to cook? You do it well, I must say."

"At home, sir." The son laughed at his father's odd expression. "You remember when I broke my leg? Well, it was pretty tiresome being caged up in the house alone, so I struck up a friendship with Antoine, your French chef. The old fellow took a fancy to me and initiated me into his art. It was only a diversion to me then, but it came in handy when I started in this business."

"Fred, send for your wife," said Mr. Layton abruptly.

When Mrs. Fred appeared the old gentleman continued: "You're a pretty pair of independents, aren't you? I like your spirit and want you to stop this business and live with me. Will you do it?"

"Just as soon as the season closes we will, father," they replied, "and until then you shall stay with us!"

Plain Conditions.

The walking craze gave a man in Liverpool an idea that there was money in it.

He kept a small refreshment establishment, and the neighborhood was greatly startled one morning by the appearance of a bill outside the shop which read:

"J. Wilkins will present £20 to the man, woman or child who arrives first at this shop after walking from Crosby, a distance of six miles. Upon arrival here competitors must drink a bottle of my famous ginger beer, buy a meat pie and walk round the Wellington monument and eat it. First arriving back here to get the prize."

The excitement was tremendous. A great cheer arose when a well known local character, meat pie in hand, was seen to be leading by fifty yards as the munching walkers trudged round the monument. His pie was soon demolished, and, flushed and triumphant, he claimed the £20.

"I've won," he panted. "Hand out t' twenty."

"Well, I'm surprised," cried Wilkins. "I didn't think any man could have done it. The monument is so precious hard."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Plenty to do with it. Haven't ye ate it?"

"Ate t' monument? Are ye daft man? O' coorse not!"

"Well, ye don't have my twenty till ye do. Why, I put it as plain as plain in the conditions."—London Mail.

Doctors Must Know Tastes.

"Do doctors know how their own medicine tastes?" was a question put to a group of physicians.

"To be sure," said one, "but we have hard work to convince our patients that we do. 'If you only knew how this beastly stuff tastes, doctor, you wouldn't ask me to take it,' is the complaint they make when dosed with an especially disagreeable concoction. And they are hard headed people, too, who say that people who are by no means raving in delirium. No matter how sincerely I may protest it is hard to persuade them that I do know how the stuff tastes just as well as they do.

"How did you find out about it?" is one of their trump questions. 'You have never been laid up with all the diseases in the dictionary. How did you learn what the different remedies taste like?'

"It never occurs to the average patient that tasting drugs is a part of a medical student's education, and that no man is qualified to practice until he has learned the flavor of the medicines he prescribes."

A Modest Philosopher.

John Stuart Mill was an unassuming philosopher. He strove to give his wife the credit of his works, and he was never pretentious in claiming precedence among men. Miss Cobbe in her "Life" relates this anecdote of Mr. Mill's modesty:

She was talking to him one day about the difficulty of doing mental work when disturbed by the music of street bands and instanced the case of a gentleman who was thrown into a frenzy by their noise.

"It does not interfere with my work," said Mr. Mill.

Miss Cobbe remarked that Herbert Spencer was much annoyed by such disturbance.

"Ah, yes, of course!" rejoined the modest man. "Writing Spencer's works one must have quiet!"

He was so unconscious of the freedom from disturbance required to write his own "System of Logic" and "Political Economy" that he would allow, while writing, his cat to lie on his table or on his neck. His gentleness and his absorption in his theme protected him.

His Aim.

"What will be your chief aim now you are in congress?" asked the interviewer.

"To stay here," answered the laconic young statesman.—Exchange.

Not Either as Yet.

"Er—I want some sort of a present for a young lady."

"Sweetheart or sister?"

"Er—why, she hasn't said which she will be yet."

Couldn't Lose Her.

Hewitt—I hear that your servant was blown up by kerosene. Jewett—She'll be back. I owed her a week's wages.—New York Press.

THE ART OF BEDMAKING.

If Housemaids Complain Let Them Ponder on This Picture.

There are many women and maids who think they know the art of making a bed, a restful, easy, loving, good dream producing bed, but should they compare their efforts with the performance gone through with making a bed in the sixteenth century they will think the fates no such duties are included in the catalogue of the housekeeper's work.

A bed with its coverings was a fine and usual thing to bequeath in those days. No wonder.

This is the chronicle of making Henry VII.'s bed:

"First, a yeoman or a groom of the stuffs of the wardrobe must bring in the stuffs and the curtains be drawn, and a gentleman usher must hold the curtains together, the side curtains and the foot curtains; then must two squires of the body stand at the bed's head, one on either side, and two yeomen of the crown at the bed's foot, and all the stuff be laid at the bed's feet on a carpet before the yeomen of the stuff; then a yeoman of the crown or of the chamber to leap upon the bed and roll him up and down and assay the litter, the yeoman to lay down the canvas again, then lay on the feather bed and beat it well and make it even and smooth; then shall a yeoman of the stuff take the fustian and lake the assay and cast it upon the bed; then shall squires for the body lay hand thereon and yeoman and lay it straight upon the bed without any wrinkles and the sheet in the same wise, then take both the sheets and fustian by the border and put them in under the feather bed at both sides and at the feet also, then lay on the other sheet and the squires for the body to take the sheet and gather it round in your hands on either side the bed and go to the bed's head, strike down the bed till they come down twice or thrice and shake the sheet at the bed's feet and lay it fair and broad on the bed, then lay on the other stuff of fustian above, then take a pair or two of martens and lay above, but first take a pair of cruinge and lay above and then lay on the martens, then roll down the bed the space of an ell; then let the yeoman take the pillows and beat them well with their hands and cast them up to the squires for the body and let them lay them on the bed as it pleased the king's grace, then take a head sheet of crimine and lay it above. Then take the other side of the head sheet of reynes and lay it over that, then the squires for the body to lay the bed again on top the pillows, then take a sheet of reynes and cover the bed over and over, every side; then the usher knits the curtains together and a squire for the body to cast holy water upon the bed."

How White China Was Discovered.

Of many incidences in which an accidental discovery revolutionized a whole industry there is none more striking than that which enabled Samuel Astbury, in 1720, to impart to pottery that white glaze which is its chief beauty. Chancing, while journeying to London, to halt at Banbury, he noticed that one of his horse's eyes was badly inflamed. He consulted the hostler, who flung a redhot flint into a basin of water, thereby easily reducing it to a powder, which he applied to the injured eye. Astbury, who had watched the process, guessed that at length he had solved the problem which had so long perplexed him. He procured a supply of flints, had them dried and pulverized and, mixing the powder with pipe clay and water, applied it to his ware, which, after the final baking, became white and shining. This invention, which he improved upon by introducing calcined flint into the body of the ware, was soon universally adopted.

An Appreciative Dog.

During one of the last birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier he was visited by a well known singer. The lady was asked to sing, and, seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad of "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room and, seating himself by her side, watched her, as though fascinated, through the delight unusual in an animal. When she had finished he rose and put his paw very gently into her hand and licked her cheek. "Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is 'Robin Adair.'" The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment during the lady's visit he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side while she was indoors, and when she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate and watched her departure with evidence of distress.

Old Time Piano Playing.

In these days of the twentieth century the pianist stands next to the singer among the princes of the musical world. But it was not always so. The singer was the first to mount the public throne and reign with the scepter of sweetened sound. Next came the violinist, and after him the virtuosi of wind instruments. Early concert programmes show the names of singers and flute, horn and oboe players, but not of manipulators of the keyboard. The concert pianist of today, sweeping the keyboard of his grand and the heartstrings of his hearers with sinewy hands, emerged slowly from the humble state of a poor dependent, creeping with anxious offerings to the door of his princely patron. It was not till almost the middle of the eighteenth century that the performance of solo feats on the harpsichord began to attract public attention and to form the substance of concerts.—W. J. Henderson in Atlantic.

Hindoo Idols.

Several weeks ago I was in an Indian village and peeped inside the chief Hindoo temple. To my great surprise I saw the portrait of a famous London beauty, nicely framed, calmly looking down at the idol beneath it. The lady, I am sure, never dreamed that she would be worshiped in this way.—Lucknow Letter to London Mail.

OUR LANGUAGE.

The Words a Man Uses and the Words He Might Employ.

How many words are possible? Starting from the four and twenty alphabetic sounds, Leibnitz calculated the combinations at 620,448,701,733,239,739,360,000. But many of these combinations would be unpronounceable even in Welsh. In Chinese every syllable is a separate word.

Does man's stock of words grow richer or poorer with time? M. Moneaim foresees an ever higher intellectual destiny for the race in the future. "Our fathers," he says, "did not know the thousandth part of our vocabulary, which is very copious." Certainly the New Dictionary is a much larger work than Johnson's, and we doubt not that primitive man talked less than an M. P. does, though even he had his palavers and congresses. But if any one were to take down the talk of an average modern undergraduate or society girl we doubt if it would be found to contain more than 250 vocables, where an educated Elizabethan or Caroline would have employed several thousand. Nothing is more striking in the old prose writers than the rich variety and imaginative picturesqueness of their language. Not only are we lacking in concrete imagination and ashamed to go afield out of the beaten track of speech, but phrases which were when first devised forcible and strong have through long currency lost their edge. Three-fourths of the expressions we use have ceased to be effective metaphors and become conventional and lifeless.—London Saturday Review.

ALCOHOL IN BREAD.

Enough to Give One About Four Pints of Whisky a Year.

"You consume four pints of whisky a year," said the amateur chemist. "Now, don't be angry or shocked. I know that you're a strict tectotaler, but just the same I know that you've absorbed that much alcohol. How? Well, simply by eating bread.

"It has long been known that the fermentation of bread caused the formation of alcohol, but it was supposed that it passed from the dough during the process of baking. Several scientists have proved that bread, when ready for eating, contains an average of .5 of one per cent of alcohol to the loaf. You must remember that in many countries strong liquors are brewed from bread. Kvass, the mild Russian beer, is brewed from brown bread.

"Now, if you eat 400 loaves of bread every year you must perforce have assimilated twenty ounces of alcohol, which equals four pints of rye whisky.

"In ten years," concluded the amateur chemist impressively, "you have eaten 4,000 loaves of bread, and in that number of loaves is about 200 ounces of alcohol, or the equivalent to nineteen quarts of whisky. Think of the saturnalia you have been on for the last ten years, and you never knew enough to complain of a big head in the morning."—New York Press.

Mrs. Pepys' Temper.

"Being at supper my wife did say something that caused me to oppose her in. She used the word devil, which vexed me, and, among other things, I said I would not have her to use that word, upon which she took me up most scornfully, which, before Ashwell and the rest of the world, I know not how always how to check, as I would heretofore, for less than that would have made me strike her. So that I fear without great discretion I shall go near to lose, too, my command over her, and nothing do it more than giving her this occasion of dancing and other pleasures, whereby her mind is taken up from her business and finds other sweets besides pleasing of me, and so makes her that she begins not at all to take pleasure in me or study to please me as heretofore."—Diary of Samuel Pepys.

The Dog's Kennel.

A dog's kennel should always be placed facing south, so that the animal may have the light and heat of the sun at all seasons of the year. Without plenty of sunlight a dog will not keep in health. Straw or pine shavings form the best bedding for a dog's kennel and are much superior to hay or sawdust, which is often used. Great care should be taken to see that the bedding is always dry and that it is changed at least once a week. In the hot weather bedding is not required at all, the dog preferring to lie on the uncovered floor of his kennel.—Home Chat.

Nothing Like Tact.

A correspondent sends an anecdote of a man in a midland town. A friend of his was lying ill, and he went to see him to cheer him up. "You look uncommon bad, Joe," he said. "Yes," said the sufferer. "Made your will," inquired the consoler, "because I should if I were you?" There was an awkward pause, during which the visitor left. A moment later he returned. "I say, Joe," he observed, "yours is awkward stairs to get a coffin down. Goodby, Joe, goodby."—London Globe.

A Perfect Lady.

"Raise your chin just a little," said the photographer.

"This is as high as I choose to raise it," was the austere response of Mrs. Vick-Senn. "If the effect is not to your liking you can lower your machine."—Chicago Tribune.

The First Thing.

Betty—So Maud is engaged? Well, I'm sorry for the man. She doesn't know the first thing about keeping house. Bessie—Oh, yes, she does. Betty—I'd like to know what. Bessie—The first thing is to get a man to keep house for.

She Saw a Scowl Then.

Minnie—I never noticed before that this mirror had a wrinkle in it. Minnie—I thought you were able to see wrinkles in any mirror you looked into.

Salt is like good humor—almost everything is better for a pinch of it.

AN ORANGE GROVE.

Modern Methods in Cultivating the Gold of the Orchard.

You are, certainly entitled to look through that window and see all that constitutes an orange orchard. There are 200 round headed trees, about twelve feet in diameter. The fruit looks immensely as if it had been artificially put in place. Really those would pass for 200 Christmas trees. Does nature do this sort of work anywhere else? You forget the cherry trees in your northern orchard. You have become so familiar with the scarlet globules that hang all over those trees, with orioles and robins shouting approval, and tanagers with indigo birds sitting in the apple tree overhead, that you cannot fully see and appreciate the charm. But you certainly have not forgotten the glory of a McIntosh red apple tree in October, or indeed a whole orchard of ripe Northern Spies, Spitzenbergs and Kings. Yet the orange has a glory all its own. It is the gold of the orchard. You thought the trees grew in groves, "but here they are in long, regular rows." That was a word borrowed from the wild orange that in Spanish days came up where they might and were seldom transplanted. They grew as those wild pestinations grow at the edge of the orchard or as pines and maples grow. But your modern orange trees are grown in long rows to be cultivated with plows and horses.

The real orange tree should stand about twenty-five or thirty feet high, with a trunk of five or six inches. Its foliage is dense and a rich green. It is a grand tree to sit beneath at midday and drink the juices of the fruit instead of water—it is distilled, perfectly. But these trees are round and low headed, and one must stoop to get beneath them. They are made of the scatter shoots that came up around the old trees after the freeze. They are more convenient to spray, to protect from the blizzard, while the fruit is more easily gathered. You can walk all about that orchard and reach half the fruit without a ladder. It is a good illustration of how good sometimes comes out of evil.

"Different shapes?" To be sure. There are quite as many varieties of oranges in this orchard as there are of apples or plums in most of your northern orchards, fifteen or twenty at least. The grower knows them all by name and can tell them all by the shape and the quality. He does not go at random and pick any fine big orange for his own eating, but he takes his selection—the King, or the Homosassa, or the Jaffa, or the Ruby, or Parson Brown, or Satsuma, or possibly the tangerine. He fills his pocket with selected varieties and then goes to that pine grove over there and peels them as he lunches. It is very much as we do with our pippins and Swaars, and Princess Louise, and Jilliflowers.—Independent.

Starboard and Port.

Why do the sailors call the right hand side of the ship "starboard" and the left hand "port?" For the answer it is necessary to go back to the days of the Norsemen and Saxons. In the viking ships the warriors hung the "boards," or shields, on the side of the ship above the places for their oars. The viking himself held the steer oar, which was fastened to the right hand side of the stern. Thus the right hand side of the ship became known as the steer side, and as the boards of the warriors were hung there it was called the "steerboard," or starboard side, while the lower, or larking side, became the larboard. Bord eventually became corrupted into port.

Visible.

"Have you seen Professor Gabbler, the scientist, lately?"

"Yes; I listened to him for more than an hour at the club last night."

"Indeed! What was he talking about?"

"He didn't say."—Puck.

SPECIAL CUT

PRICES CONTINUED

EVEN IF THE BIG ADS ARE CURTAILED FOR THE TIME BEING.

The people like our Clothing and the way we sell it.

This business is run to satisfy the persons who patronized it; giving them the goods they most desire at prices within their means and disbursing treatment that made the individual feel at home here.

We want you to see special values that others offer as well as ours.

Investigate,

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE.

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration upon the estates of both Forrest W. Garrett and of Eliza H. Garrett, late of Norwich township, McKean Co., Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to either of said estates will make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against either of said estates will present the same to

FRED W. BROWNELL, Administrator, etc.
Postoffice address Smethport, Pa.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that on the 9th day of February, A. D. 1906, the Smethport Extract Company filed in the court of Common Pleas for the county of McKean its petition praying for a decree of dissolution has been fixed by said court for the 2nd day of March, 1906, at 2 o'clock p. m. when and where all persons interested may attend and show cause against the granting of the prayer of the said petition if they so desire.

GALLUP & BOUTON, Solicitors.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 9, 1906.

Professional Cards.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

Byron D. Hamlin. John Forrest
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

[illegible] Mayo,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. W. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War, claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office, No. 107 Main Street, Bradford, Pa. 'Phone 404.

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Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D.,
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Orndorff, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

C. E. Bennington,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St. Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Robert Hamilton, M. D. C. M.,
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office at residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. K. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfactorily guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

BANK CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop.
Main Street Smethport, Pa.
The hotel has recently been [illegible] and refurnished. The table are [illegible] recently supplied with the best [illegible] affords. First class [illegible] Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
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Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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Highest Prices Paid.
For
IRON, COPPER,
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Have moved into the Stickles' Building, two doors east of my old stand. I have no partner but carry a full and complete line of
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Will be pleased to see all my old and many new customers.
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